THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Oldest Literary and Family Paper in the United States.—Founded August 4, A. D. 1821.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1878, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress.

Vol. LVIII. PUBLICATION OFFICE, No. 726 Sansom Street. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1878. $2.00 a Year in Advance, With Double Premium. No. 11.

IN HARVEST TIME.

I sat one morning in a little lane,
Under a canopy of bramble leaves,
I watched the reapers on the heavy wain
Pile high, with cheerful toil, the golden sheaves.
The eager little children stood around,
With tiny harvest gleanings of the corn
Under their arms, sheafwise, with poppies bound,
Their mimic labor all the merry morn.
I watched the slow-drawn, bounteous load depart,
The children following down the shady lane;
And, left alone, I asked my empty heart,
"Where are thy gathered sheaves of ripened grain?
Why comes no sound of harvest joy to thee?"
But my dumb heart no answer had for me.

"Heart," said I further, "there was good seed sown
Deep in thy furrows ere last winter's snow,
And in the spring time tender airs are blown
Across thee, and God gave thee summer glow.
Where is thy harvest of good things and true,
The fruit of this thy ground which God hath tilled,
The crown of work appointed thee to do,
The sheaves wherewith His garner should be filled?
Where is thy harvest joy, thy reaping song,
Thy blameless triumph over honest spoil?
Thy deep contentment satisfied and strong,
Thy worthy resting after worthy toil?
He who gave seedtime should thy harvest see."
Yet still my heart no answer made to me.

But ere the autumn seedtime came again,
God smote the furrows of my silent heart,
The ploughshares of strong sorrow and sharp pain
Delved deeply, striking to the inmost part:
Wherein full soon the good seed gently fell,
The which my heart received repentant, grave,
And brought to fruit in season duly, well,
And God the increase of that harvest gave.
What though in weariness my sheaves were bound
With faded flowers of happiness and love!
What though within my heart no song was found,
A reaper's joy in harvesting to prove!
An angel lighted on the new reaped sod,
And bore the blessed first fruits up to God!

[COMMENCED LAST WEEK.]

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—[CONTINUED.]

"What's the matter, Theresa?" asked Alice; for the servant had her cheeks bent upon her hands. "Is your tooth aching again? Why don't you go to the town and have it taken out?"

"And so I would," said Theresa, "if I were sure it was the tooth. I think it is—what's that fine new name?—neuralgia."

Alice laughed. Neuralgia is as old as I am, Theresa."

"Well, miss, we have always said rheumatism. That was fine enough for us. Shall I begin your hair, Miss Alice?"

Alice was standing at the open window, gazing outwards. The moon was riding in the sky, the few stars that were out twinkled in their course; beneath, lay the grass-plat and the sweet flowers, and beyond rose the grove that had sheltered her and Rupert. Lost in memory, Alice stood on, oblivious of there being any such duty as undressing. Theresa waited, mentally debating whether she should speak of a certain matter that was troubling her, or whether she should not.

"Mamma's as tired as she can be," began Alice, her thoughts wandering to her mother. "It is a long drive; and she says she felt quite weary with the deeds the lawyer had to read to her."

"It is a good long way to Owlstone, miss—there and back."

"Mamma slept till tea-time, and then was angry with me for not awaking her. I was in the garden. And what a stupid thing that Cannet is!—locking all the doors by daylight!"

Now it seemed to Theresa—who was reflective, conscientious, and a little given to be swayed by signs and symptoms—that her young mistress must have unconsciously opened out this very subject on purpose to afford her an excuse for speaking; and she seized upon it. Walking nearer to the window, she began in a low tone.

"I saw you there, Miss Alice."

"Saw me—where?" returned Alice, rather sharply.

"Out yonder, Miss Alice; down by the grove. Mr. Rupert Pomeroy was with you."

Alice was silent. This avowal was very awkward.

"How could you have seen me?" she presently asked, the question occurring to her. "Where were you, Theresa?"

"I went to the herb-bed; some of them downstairs said that a fomentation of hot sage-leaves to my cheek would ease the pain; and this," nodding at the broad gravel path beneath, "is the nearest way, so I took the liberty of taking it. I saw you as I turned the corner, Miss Alice; you stood with your back to me, both you and Mr. Rupert. He had his arm round your waist."

"Dear me, had he?"—after a rather dismayed pause. "He is very thoughtless. We were talking about something or other, I suppose. But now, Theresa, don't you go telling this to mamma."

"Miss Alice," said the woman, gravely, "I came to your papa's house when you were but a little girl, and there was but two servants in all; and I have watched you grow up, and I have got fonder of you and prouder of you year by year. But, oh, my dear young lady—and for the reason I've just given, perhaps you'll let me say it—it is not right to be so familiar with Mr. Rupert when you are to marry Mr. Pomeroy."

"You stupid thing, Theresa! Who told you, pray, that I was to marry Mr. Pomeroy?"

"My mistress told me."

"Just like mamma!—fancying a thing must come to pass because she wishes it! Well now, the truth is, Theresa—and I don't mind telling it to you,—but you must take care and not repeat it again to mamma—that I am *not* going to marry Mr. Pomeroy."

"Then, Miss Alice, why not tell your mamma so?"

"I shall tell mamma in good time. But I'm sure you know there'll be no living in the house with her for a week afterwards. She has set her mind upon Mr. Pomeroy; and she will be ready to box my ears when she finds I won't have him."

"But, Miss Alice—you have encouraged Mr. Pomeroy," debated Theresa, feeling less sure and less easy upon the point than she chose to say. "He comes often; he was with you in the drawing-room for nearly an hour to-day."

"I can't help his staying—or his coming. Mamma was out, and I had to go to him. Don't you be silly, Theresa. I tell you I am not going to take the heir of Pomeroy. And he knows that I am not."

"Trouble of this kind is more easy to get into than to get out of, Miss Alice," resumed Theresa in a low, persuasive tone. "I confess I like Mr. Rupert better than I like Mr. Pomeroy; though it's not for me to presume to speak of my likes or dislikes. I would only just say this, my dear young lady; *don't deceive anybody*, especially your mother. If you don't like Mr. Pomeroy, and don't wish to have him, tell out the truth at once. 'Tis the safest way in the long run."

"There, you can do my hair now, Theresa. And don't worry your silly old head with what does not concern it. Things will come all right in what you call the long run, as you will find."

Leaving Alice to chatter to Theresa upon less embarrassing subjects, we will go after Rupert Pomeroy.

Passing through the convenient side gate to the shady lane on which it opened, went he, gay as a lark, humming the bars of some popular song. Rupert Pomeroy was of an essentially gay, sanguine, light temperament; he had never been grave in his life for two minutes together. The branches of the trees on either side this lane met overhead; glancing up, he saw the moonbeams flickering through them—a pleasant sight; and he broke out into his song again.

"Oh, 'tis sweet when the moon is beaming
To rove through the shady grove;
Oh, 'tis sweet when the world is sleeping
To list to the nightingale's song."

"Don't think that's quite right," broke off Rupert, alluding to the words. "Think the nightingale's song goes with the moonbeams. Wish she could have stayed out longer—that 'sweet love o'mine.'"

Before quite reaching the village he turned aside to the left. Standing at some little distance from the road was an exceedingly pretty dwelling-house, not much larger indeed than a cottage; its rough stone walls were covered with ivy; jessamine and roses encircled its casements. You might have been puzzled to guess to what social class its inmates belonged; in all, save its size, it might have been the abode of a gentleman. Iron railings, covered with clematis, enclosed a small garden, its grass-plat and flower-beds not less well kept than were those of Mrs. Wylde. The gate was in the middle of the rails, a path leading straight from it to the cottage porch. It was the dwelling of the gamekeeper, Gaunt, and it was called the Lodge. John Gaunt—who was not a regular game-keeper and who will have to be spoken of later—lived in it with his only child, a daughter. Leaning over the gate in the moonlight stood the daughter now. Rupert saw her and turned aside.

"I thought it must be you, Sybilla," spoke he in his ready, free way. "What in the world have you got on?"

She laughed slightly, and pushed off the shawl in which her head was enveloped. "I have a little cold," she answered, "and my head has ached all day."

"By the way—yes. Joan mentioned at dinner that she had sent for you, and you were too ill to come," observed Rupert, who remained on the outer side of the gate. "What was the matter?"

A hot flush and a slight contraction of the brow, not discernible in the moonlight, passed suddenly over her face, apparently called up by Rupert's words. Sybilla Gaunt was a magnificent girl, tall, dignified, upright, with a no less magnificent face; her features regally beautiful, her hair of purple black; and her large eyes of a deep, dark violet. But, with all her natural beauty, the face looked to-night strangely wan and haggard.

"My head pained me so," she replied slightly and evasively. "How is the lord, Mr. Rupert?"

"Oh, he is very well."

"My father thinks him much changed of late. He was at the abbey yesterday morning—the lord had sent to him about those preserves beyond the hill. He says he never saw anyone change so rapidly for the worse as the lord is changing now."

"So Joan thinks—but she has not seen him for eight months, you know. I hope he will be all right again soon, Sybilla. Where is your father to-night?"

"He went up to Whittaker's. Do you want him?"

Without giving any direct answer, Rupert Pomeroy bent his head closer to Sybilla's over the gate, and began talking to her in a very low tone—just as if he feared some eavesdropper might be hidden under the clematis. As we cannot hear what he said, the conversation must remain a secret. Sybilla gave an answering word, or a nod, now and again; the tears meanwhile gathering on her eyelashes, and she, half stealthily, wiping them away from time to time.

"Who's this?" suddenly cried Rupert, drawing away from the gate, his ear having caught sound of footsteps close at hand. "Take courage Sybilla."

They were the steps of Gaunt himself. A very tall and noble looking man, dressed in a velveteen coat and breeches and dark leggings. His features were just as handsome as his daughter's, the two faces in fact were much alike; the same the noble cast of countenance, the same the fine, open, straightforward expression. As he came into view, Sybilla nodded to Rupert, and went in.

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Rupert? Did you want me?"

"No: I was only saying good-evening to Sybilla, seeing her standing here as I was going by. She says you think my father much changed."

"And so he is, Mr. Rupert; there's no doubt about it. Unless he gets to look better, I—I shall hardly know what to fear. Will you walk in?"

"Not to-night. I say, Gaunt, what about dragging that fish pond?"

"The very thing I have just been up to Whittaker's about, Mr. Rupert. We had decided to do it to-morrow, but your brother sent me word this evening that it must be put off until the next day."

"What for, I wonder?"

"He is going out, I believe, to-morrow."

"What of that?"

"Well, he says he wishes to be present when it's done."

"Oh, does he? It will come next, that nobody must stir hand or foot on the property without his leave. You'll see that, Gaunt."

Gaunt slightly smiled. "He is the son and heir, you know, Mr. Rupert."

"We all know that; he takes care we don't forget it. So be it; I do not see that it matters much to us. It has pleased my father to exalt Guy ever since his babyhood, and of course he has grown domineering. Good-night to you, Gaunt."

John Gaunt stood a moment after Rupert left, thinking of his last words. He did not himself much like Guy Pomeroy, and wondered how he should get on with him when he came into his power, and whether he should feel inclined then to act as keeper. He and the lord had ever been on the best of terms; almost friends.

"Better not anticipate," thought Gaunt, as he turned in doors.

Sybilla sat at the frugal supper-table, the shawl well wrapped about her shoulders. John Gaunt sat down and helped himself. Sybilla took a morsel upon her plate, and pretended to eat; but it was evident that she had little inclination for it.

"No appetite again, Sybilla?"

Her face flushed. "The heat makes me feel languid, father. And my head has ached to-day."

Nanny, the old serving woman, came in to remove the tray when they had finished. Gaunt rose and took down one of his small stock of books. It was a volume of Virgil—for the man was a man of education.

"I will say good-night, dear father," said Sybilla, advancing to him. "My head will get better in bed."

"Good night, my dear one," he said, fondly kissing her. "May the holy saints have you in their keeping!"

The first thing Sybilla did upon entering her chamber—a pretty room, whose casement looked towards the White House—was to let the cumbersome shawl slip from her shoulders, fall upon her knees before the crucifix that hung opposite her bed, and burst into tears. Tears? Nay; that is hardly the proper word. Sobs, rather. Passionate, grevious sobs; suppressed only lest they should be heard below.

"It is getting more than I can bear," she wailed in a piteous tone. "Who will break it to him?" Folding her hands together, she raised her eyes imploringly to the crucifix, as if seeking for that comfort above, which, as it seemed, she could not find here.

Meanwhile, Rupert Pomeroy, after calling in at Whittaker's—who was the keeper under Gaunt—and on sundry other people, for he made himself at home in the village with high and low, at length reached home. It was late. Jerome met him.

"All in bed?" asked Rupert.

"All but Mr. Guy, sir. He has not gone to his room yet."

"Where is he?"

"In the oak-room, walking about. I'm afraid something has vexed him."

"Why do you fear that?"

"Just hark at his steps, Mr. Rupert. To walk like that is not usual with Mr. Guy."

Rupert paused to listen. Guy's heavy tread sounded from the oak room, unceasing and monotonous.

"He must be doing penance," remarked Rupert, with a light laugh.

"He has been pacing there these two hours, sir, ever since the lord retired. Just that sharp, measured tread that you hear now."

"Well, good-night to you, Jerome," returned Rupert, as he went on to his chamber. And he smiled again to himself as he entered it.

"You can't have quite everything your own way, Guy my brother, although you are the son-and-heir," spoke Rupert, mentally. "Alice Wylde is not for you—and you will do well to make the best and worst of her refusal, and think no more about it."

CHAPTER III.

THE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

The state entrance door of the abbey lies on the left as you go in under the great gateway. This admits you to a quaint but, in its way, magnificent hall, from which a fine old staircase winds upwards.

A similar entrance-door lies on the right of the porte-cochere—if we may borrow a word from the French—leading into a similar hall and to a similar staircase; but at the present the other entrance is kept locked, not being used. The lord of Pomeroy generally uses the one first mentioned; and just now there is no second household at the abbey.

Ascending the first-mentioned staircase, which is lined with pictures, you come into a wide corridor, which has a few pictures also hung in it, between the many entrance-doors of the front and back chambers. At the end of the corridor is the south tower; for these rooms are on the right of the entrance gates, looking eastward. It has been already said that the abbey faces the east. As a rule, the rooms are not large; rather, in fact, confined, but dark, ancient, and handsome. The present lord, who keeps up a vast deal of unneccessary state, and whose retainers are numerous, occupies the whole of the front pile, together with a portion of the north wing; but the rooms on the other side the entrance gates have not been much used since the death of the Lady of Pomeroy some years ago, and especially since the lord fell into poor health.

The bed-rooms all face the quadrangle; most of the sitting-rooms face the sea and the open country; and in one of these sitting rooms, on the morning following the day already mentioned, sits Miss Joan. It is the room next the south tower, is called the "purple room" from the color of its furniture and hangings, and is the particular sitting room of Joan. Joan has attended early mass in the chapel, has written some letters, has gone her usual round connected with the household, and is now preparing to sit down and to sew. Joan Pomeroy is great at embroidery, and she is beginning to "work," as she calls it, a delicate cambric frock for one of Mrs. Capel's children; or, strictly speaking, an expected one. She feels rather more easy on the score of her father's health than she felt yesterday, for the lord got up to breakfast this morning and looked better.

"Can it be twelve o'clock already!" exclaimed Joan, as the great clock of the quadrangle began to ring out midday, and various other clocks in the abbey followed suit. "How I must have wasted my time this morning! It was that batch of letters."

Bending her head as the last words left her lips, she regarded her work attentively. A very small portion of it was as yet done.

"But that I have begun it, I would choose the other pattern," she remarked. "It was much more elaborate; it would not have taken more than half the time to work. Suppose I should not get this done in time?—and I have always given the babies their baptismal robe! Perhaps Sybilla can help me. I will send and ask her to stay the day——"

"Mrs. and Miss Wylde," interrupted one of the footmen, as he threw wide open the door.

Joan rose, full of dignity. Truth to say, she had not much liked either Mrs. or Miss Wylde when she made their acquaintance before leaving home. Joan had a prejudice in favor of high lineage—and these ladies did not possess it. It was not the lack of that, however, but something in themselves she remembered she disliked; on the other hand, and Joan was candid enough to admit this, she had seen too little of them to judge fairly. And, if the future lord was to marry the young lady she knew that she ought to put prejudice behind her.

"I will like them; I daresay I shall if I try to," passed through her mind as they entered.

"Will Miss Pomeroy pardon this early visit?" began Mrs. Wylde, as she held out her hand. "Between near neighbors—and in a remote country district—midday visits are, I believe, allowable. I had, moreover, a special object in coming thus early."

"I am very glad to see you; it is not at all early," answered Joan, cordially, as she gave them her hand.

"What a lovely pattern!" exclaimed Mrs. Wylde, her eyes falling on the embroidery as she sat down.

"I am pleased to hear you say so. I was rather regretting that I had begun it; it is so intricate, and will take so long."

"But it will be very beautiful when done. It is for an infant's frock?"

"For the little one that my sister, Mrs. Capel, is expecting."

"What a long while you stayed away, Miss Pomeroy!"

"My visits are generally pretty long when I go to her. The children do not like to part with me. But I should have returned before this had I thought papa was so ill."

"Is the lord ill?" cried Mrs. Wylde, quickly.

"He does not acknowledge it, but I am sure he must be. His looks betray it. And it seems to me that he has no spirits left; no energy."

"I have observed that myself," said Mrs. Wylde.

"He has not looked well since the attack of gout," put in Alice, nearly the first words she had spoken. "The Lord of Pomeroy has been very kind to me always; and I hope, I *hope*, he will soon grow strong again."

She spoke with earnestness, laying a stress upon the second "hope." Joan looked at her with a smile, pleased at the expression of feeling. With her dimpled cheeks, her radiant brown eyes, her bright and pure complexion, Alice was indeed beautiful, and Joan did not wonder at Guy's infatuation.

"But I have not explained the object of my coming at this unseemly hour," resumed Mrs. Wylde. "I want to take you back with me to the White House for the day, Miss Pomeroy."

"Oh, thanks; but I—could not go," said Joan, quickly.

"But why?"

"For one thing, papa is so poorly—at least, in appearance—that I do not like to leave him."

"Oh, I hope you will not disappoint us, dear Miss Pomeroy! Look at Alice; how eagerly she is awaiting your consent!"

The pretty blushing face was indeed full of hope as it turned on Joan. It was so pretty, so loving, that Joan could hardly keep her eyes from it; and she began to think that Alice would make a very nice wife indeed for Guy, and to wish to know more of her.

"I will see what papa thinks," she said. "But I had intended to send for Sybilla Gaunt to spend the day here with me."

"Sybilla Gaunt!" Mrs. Wylde was beginning, remonstrance in her eye and on her lips—but Joan was already gone.

The Lord was in his own sitting-room; the room next the gateway. His desk stood open on the table before him, and he looked up from his writing as Joan entered.

"Any message for either of the lads—George or Leolin?" asked he, before Joan could speak.

"Are you writing to them, papa?"

"To both of them; giving them a lecture a-piece," he added, with a half-smile.

"Do they need it then, papa?"

"Oh, boys out in the world always need that. It never comes amiss, Joan, be you very sure. I am to give your love, I suppose."

"My dear love to both. Papa, Mrs. Wylde and her daughter are here. They wish me to go back with them for the day."

"Then go. Go by all means, Joan."

"But I do not like to leave you."

"Not like to leave me! What nonsense! Why, yesterday was the first day you were here for I can't tell how many months: what did I do, do you suppose, without you all that while? Of course you can go. Guy would wish it, I am sure. And you don't dine with us, you know, this evening."

Joan returned to the purple room to say she would go. The lord followed her, and stayed with the visitors while Joan made herself ready. As they were departing, Mrs. Wylde expressed a hope that the lord and Mr. Pomeroy would honor her table by joining it at dinner.

"I don't feel quite up to dining from home," replied the lord, shaking his head. "In a day or two, perhaps I shall be better, and will dine with you then. As to Guy, he goes over to the town to-day, and must be back in time for our own table, for we are expecting a few gentleman to join it."

The county town, Owlstone, some nine miles distant, was always referred to by Abbeyland as "the town." Mrs. Wylde expressed her regret that neither the lord nor Mr. Pomeroy would honor her that evening; and took her departure.

"What a lovely day it is!" cried Joan, as they stepped out from the large gates.

They began their walk through the village. Joan wore a rich black silk, and (it must be confessed) a very ugly drab bonnet; she was addicted to a sober style of dress and to grave colors. Alice had on white, blue ribbons on her dainty straw hat.

In going along they saw in the distance Guy and Rupert, who were talking with Gaunt. Guy, perhaps not seeing the ladies, started across the path that led round to the stables; walking quickly, as if he were in a hurry. Rupert came towards them. Gaunt came on also with a slower step.

"What a noble looking man he is!" exclaimed Mrs. Wylde involuntarily, alluding to Gaunt. "He would do honor to a lord's coronet."

Joan smiled. "It is said they trace their descent higher than that—to John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster. In those days, possibly, while a Gaunt was the knight, a Pomeroy was only his esquire."

"Then how is it that the Gaunts have so fallen?" asked Mrs. Wylde.

"We don't really know that they have so fallen; it may be they were never anything but simple gentlepeople," lightly remarked Miss Pomeroy. "None can deny, though, that they ought to be something greater and grander if looks could ensure it."

It was true that Gaunt believed himself to be descended from John of Gaunt, Duke of Lancaster, noted in the days of the second Richard; true that he certainly did trace his pedigree very far back. He was a gentleman by descent—meaning of late palpable descent—but was very poor, his income being less than one hundred pounds yearly. He was called in the neighborhood the "gentleman keeper," for although he was to all intents and purposes the head game-keeper to the Lord of Pomeroy, and performed conscientiously its duties, he accepted no remuneration for it, except the cottage, which he had rent free. And though not admitted to an equality with the Pomeroys much more than he would have been were he a regular game keeper, he and the lord were very friendly with one another. The Lord of Pomeroy respected Gaunt and liked him; both for himself, and also for his alleged high descent; when alone, Gaunt had occasionally been bidden to lunch with him. But the sons, Guy and Rupert, while showing themselves sufficiently friendly with Gaunt, Rupert especially, were given at times to treat him a little *de haut en bas*, forgetting perhaps that he was not a common keeper.

Gaunt's wife had also been a gentlewoman, though poorer even than himself. She died early, leaving to their only child, Sybilla, the few hundred pounds that she possessed in her own right. Sybilla had been educated at the convent, and was an inmate of it for nearly ten years. She shared in all its educational advantages, though of course the same high terms could not be paid with her that were with most of the pupils—such, for example, as with the daughters of the Lord of Pomeroy. Joan patronised Sybilla, who was now three-and-twenty, and really felt a great friendship for her.

Rupert, leaving Gaunt to follow at his leisure, came up with a quick step and glowing face, shaking hands with Mrs. and Miss Wylde in his gay way. Joan walked forward to meet Gaunt. Mrs. Wylde stayed to protect her daughter from the attractive wiles of Rupert, who was already chattering nonsense to her.

The game-keeper took off his hat to Joan as a lord might do, not touching it as a game-keeper. In his heart he probably considered himself pretty equal to the Pomeroys; superior in descent, inferior in position. His manners were good; by nature he was haughty, though he rarely let that appear. Just as the Lord of Pomeroy lorded it over his servants, so did Gaunt lord it over the two keepers under him, so far as exacting strict obedience went. But he was kind and considerate to them; a good and Christian man.

"How is Sybilla?" asked Joan, when her greeting to himself was over.

"She is not well, Miss Pomeroy."

"I am sorry for that. I heard she had a bad headache—but that was yesterday."

"I cannot make her out," observed Gaunt. "She seems to have lost her health and spirits for some weeks past. Her face is quite drawn and thin."

"But what ails her?" questioned Joan.

"It is more than I can tell," replied the keeper, shaking his head. "She thinks it is the summer heat that affects her, but we have had many a summer as hot as this; and in the teeth of her saying it, she is cold, and has to wrap herself up. Her mother went off in a waste," he added, in a low, despairing kind of tone, "and I remember she was always cold, after it set in. If I lose Sybilla——"

Gaunt stopped, overcome. All the sympathy in Joan's nature—and she had a large share of it—was aroused.

"What does Mr. Norris say? Of course you have had him to her."

"No, I have not, Miss Pomeroy. Not yet. Sybilla so strongly objects to it. She says she is quite sure she shall get better more quickly if let alone."

"I will call in and see her," said Joan. "I may spare a minute now, as we go by."

"I wish you would, Miss Joan. And perhaps you will kindly give me your opinion of her afterwards. If you think advice is necessary, I will at once call in Mr. Norris—whether Sybilla consents or not."

"I will. By the way—talking of illness," added Joan—"what do you think of my father? He seems to me to be so much altered. Do you judge him to be ill?"

"I am sure he is altered, Miss Pomeroy, but whether he is really ill is another question. People do alter greatly as they grow in years."

"I know. But papa seems to have altered suddenly."

"No; not suddenly. At least, not very suddenly. The lord has never been the same since his illness in the spring. I alluded to it a week or two ago; I mean, to the change apparent in him; but he passed the subject off with a stiff remark. He never likes to be questioned, you know, Miss Joan."

Joan nodded a dismissal, seeing that Mrs. and Miss Wylde were coming on, the former having at length succeeded in getting her daughter away from the light chatter of Rupert. Gaunt bowed, turned away, and put on his hat, which he had kept off during his conversation with Joan. He raised it again in passing the other ladies; who vouchsafed him the merest nod in answer. Mrs. Wylde had never been brought to understand why Gaunt should be regarded as above an ordinary keeper.

They went on through the village, these three ladies, Miss Pomeroy momentarily stopping now and again to greet the cottagers who ran out when they saw her. She was a great favorite with all.

At the extremity of this straggling village—whose houses were mostly built in a straggling fashion instead of consecutively—they came in view of the game-keeper's lodge. Very picturesque it looked to-day, the sunshine flickering upon it through the waving trees, the many colored sweet flowers clustering on the grass-plat.

"How hot it is!" suddenly exclaimed Mrs. Wylde.

"Do you feel it so?" returned Joan. "I was going to ask you to sit down for an instant on the bench while I go in to see Sybilla Gaunt. It is beautifully shady under those trees; it will rest you."

She pointed to the bench in Gaunt's garden. It stood in the shade on the green grass, and looked inviting enough. Mrs. Wylde, however, started back as if she had been struck.

"To see Sybilla Gaunt! My dear Miss Pomeroy!"

"I will not keep you two minutes," said Joan. "I am anxious about her. Her father says she is ill."

"Miss Pomeroy!" repeated Mrs. Wylde, in a tone of strong remonstrance, "you must not go in *there;* to see *her*. You have no mother, my dear, therefore you must excuse my interposing, so far, in the light of one."

Joan Pomeroy, haughty and self-opinionated by nature and by education, just as all the Pomeroys were, drew herself up. She had taken Mrs. Wylde's objection in a wrong light. "You do not yet know Sybilla Gaunt, I see, or you would scarcely speak of her disparagingly. She has been exceedingly well brought up; her education has been entirely that of a gentlewoman."

"So I have heard. But no good ever comes of educating girls in her sphere of life; and thus it has proved here. My dear Miss Pomeroy, since you left, the girl has turned out to be—to—in short, not respectable."

The two ladies stood looking at one another, Joan asking the explanation with her eyes that her lips disdained to utter. Alice traced characters on the dusty road with the end of her parasol and listened, rather amused at the dispute.

"What did you say?" demanded Joan, whose fiery Pomeroy blood was rising.

"My dear, there's no cause for you to put yourself out," said Mrs. Wylde. "It is an every-day affair with village beauties; always has been, and always will be. Sybilla Gaunt is beautiful; but she is no longer respectable, and you must drop all communication with her."

Joan Pomeroy's eyes flashed; she could be nearly as passionate as her eldest brother, when greatly provoked. "It is false, whoever says it," she declared. "How dare my father and my brothers suffer tales to go about to the prejudice of Sybilla Gaunt? They are the lords of the soil, and they ought to have put a stop to them."

Mrs. Wylde gave vent to a short, friendly laugh. "My dear, you will have to abandon your favorable prejudices," she quietly said. "Sybilla Gaunt is not respectable."

"Am I respectable?" returned the angry Joan. "You may as well say that I am not. Sybilla is my friend; she is as much a gentlewoman by descent as I am. I pray you wait for me, for I shall go in to see her."

Allowing no further opposition, Miss Pomeroy walked to the lodge door, and entered without knocking. She was in no frame of mind to heed the polite decorums of life: indeed, they obtained short favor from her at the best of times. The small, but pretty, sitting-room seemed in a litter, and Sybilla sat in it, her head bent on the table. A shawl lay on the ground; it appeared to have slipped from her shoulders.

How like she was to her father this day! Tall and stately; with the same noble features, the same unconscious, lofty air and manner. Certainly she looked a fit descendant for the proud Duke of Lancaster.

With a faint exclamation of dismay, Sybilla sprang up when she saw an intruder, and that it was Miss Pomeroy. Her pale features—not naturally so, but pale, as it appeared from illness—grew flushed, and she picked up the shawl to throw it on again. In her haste and confusion, she defeated her own object, and the shawl somehow alighted on her head. In stretching up her arms to right it, Joan Pomeroy gazed at her with a keen gaze; and Joan Pomeroy fell back against the inner door, and her spirit turned faint within her.

Joan did not speak; she only looked at her. Sybilla's trembling hands busied themselves in adjusting the shawl, and the transient crimson of her face faded to a death-like whiteness.

"What is this?" asked Joan at length.

"What is—what?" returned Sybilla, a terrible trouble shining in the depth of her dark violet eyes.

"I met your father, and he told me you were ill," harshly repeated Joan. "*What* is this illness, I ask?"

"Don't frighten me, Miss Pomeroy," gasped Sybilla; who looked ready to faint.

"Answer me, I say," repeated Joan, her face as stern, at that moment, as her brother Guy's.

Sybilla choked down a gasping breath before she could answer, and when she did speak, it was in a faint, nervous tone, and in broken sentences. "The heat this summer—has been great—it has made me ill—it has overpowered me."

Joan Pomeroy heard her to an end, bending her stern, searching eyes upon her. "It is the heat that overpowers you? The heat, you say? Then why do you wear a shawl to increase it?" And Sybilla Gaunt only laid her hand upon her heart, as if to still its beating, and made no reply, for she had none to make. Miss Pomeroy stepped close up to her.

"Do you think you can deceive me? No; though you have succeeded, it would appear, in deceiving your father. You have been mad, Sybilla Gaunt; mad. You have degraded yourself——"

"Do not say too much, Miss Pomeroy," interrupted Sybilla, in a low tone. "You don't know all."

"I know and see sufficient. I know that the truth is whispered outside, and that I was warned not to subject myself to contact with you. Shame upon you! You, who were the stay of your father! You, who have boasted of a descent from the Plantagenets! you who were reared to be a gentlewoman! Sybilla Gaunt, I would as soon have believed ill of myself as of you."

Miss Pomeroy gathered up her petticoats, as if to guard them against contamination with the door sill, and swept out. It was her one great failing—hot, hasty passion; in that, she and Guy were alike; but she had rarely been so excited as now.

Mrs. Wylde was resting on the bench, and Alice stood outside, in the road. Mrs. Wylde rose when she saw Miss Pomeroy, and hastened to get into the road also, as if the very grass-plat at Gaunt's burnt her feet.

"Come, Alice, what are you looking at? Oh, I see; Mr. Guy Pomeroy is there."

Joan turned her head. Guy was on horseback, branching off toward Owlstone. Gaunt was now coming in the direction of his cottage.

"Let us get on," muttered Joan. "I do not want to see him."

"Well, my dear Miss Pomeroy, are you satisfied?" asked Mrs. Wylde.

"Quite," returned Joan, her voice taking a harsh tone in her bitter distress.

"Of course; there is no possibility of mistaking it. And her father is a—in fact, an idiot."

"Who is it that has—has brought the trouble to the house?" inquired Joan, in the same abrupt tone, telling so surely of affliction.

"There I cannot enlighten you," replied Mrs. Wylde. "She has always, as I hear, held herself aloof from the village rustics."

"*Held herself aloof from the village rustics!*" echoed Joan Pomeroy, with angry emphasis—angry, even then, that Sybilla could be so mistaken. "I tell you, Sybilla is a gentlewoman, with—hitherto—all a gentlewoman's instincts."

Mrs. Wylde coughed. Alice broke into a sudden exclamation, perhaps to drown its mocking sound.

"How very beautiful she is!"

"Who, child?"

"Sybilla Gaunt, mamma."

"Oh," said Mrs. Wylde, scornfully, "A homely saying my old mother sometimes used is a very true one. 'Handsome is as handsome does.' Sybilla Gaunt had better have been born ugly enough to frighten the crows."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FAITH.

Who treads the path of love and loss
With humble steps and head bowed down,
May bear on earth the heaviest cross,
But wears in heaven the brightest crown.

Then let us bless the weary way,
The cross, the thorn, the cruel rod,
That lift us from our gods of clay,
To know the true, the living God!

The Cracked Tumbler.

CHAPTER III—[CONTINUED.]

"Good Lord, sir," gasped Mrs. Markby, "do you accuse me?"

"No, I don't. I only want to prove to you how easy it is to accuse any one, and how hard it is to prove the accusation."

"But surely master might be put upon his guard. Yesterday he sent down word that there was something wrong about the taste of the Tartar sauce, and it made my blood run cold!"

"Nonsense!" snapped Fletcher; "the poisoner, if there be one, isn't in the kitchen, and as fourteen years have passed between the cases, I think we may wait another fourteen days before we make ourselves ridiculous about Tartar sauce."

Colonel Ravesy was buried on the 28th of May. On the 16th of the following month Stella Lockwood received an invitation to visit the school as often as she pleased till it broke up for the summer holidays. On the 17th of June Mrs. Kirkman went to London about the sale, and on that night occurred almost simultaneously two events which throw as much light upon the mystery surrounding the cracked tumbler as ever will be discovered.

The rule at the Honor was early hours. Half past ten usually found all the household fast asleep. This night Mrs. Lockwood had retired somewhat earlier, and about a quarter to eleven she woke with a start and half-uttered cry.

"I had such a horrid dream about Stella," she said to her husband. "I thought she came into the room, looked at us intently, and then walked out. And there was such a strange, cruel expression on her face."

"Go to sleep," muttered St. John.

"My dear, I cannot sleep," said she a little later. "I must go and see if anything is the matter." St. John was a good sleeper and liked his sleep. He turned round with a grunt and slept on.

Mrs. Lockwood threw on a wrapper, took the light and hurried along the passage which led to Stella's room. As she came within four yards of the door, it opened, and Stella, fully dressed, came out, and made for the stairs which led to the upper part of the house. Something, call it fear, instinct, chance, what you please, something which came without the exercise of thought, made Mrs. Lockwood follow without a word. The dim light she carried made it difficult for her to see her way, so as to keep up with the girl, who walked straight on *without any light at all*. Up she went to one of the topmost attics, threaded her way through the lumber it contained without touching a thing or faltering a step, knelt down on the floor immediately under the window, removed part of the wainscot, and from a hole behind it drew forth a tumbler, and a small square glass-stoppered bottle. Then she replaced the board, rose and walked away as unfaltering as she had come. As she left the attic, she closed the door. Mrs. Lockwood, who by this time had recovered her presence of mind, was close beside her with hand outstretched to touch her. This quickened movement made the light flicker—the draught caused by the closing door extinguished it.

Mrs. Lockwood's first thought, an unlucky one, was to throw open the window and call for help, but her voice failed her. She turned towards the door, and now she could not find it.

The night outside was bright and clear. A narrow strip of moonlight came in through the small gabled window, but this only dazzled her when she faced it, and made the surrounding darkness more dense.

Have you ever got out of bed in a strange room, in the middle of the night, in the dark, and missed your way back? If so, you have for a moment felt a sickening sense of fear, though there was nothing whatever to be afraid of—past, present or future. Now put yourself in this lady's place, and imagine her sensations, lost, voiceless, helpless, alone, in a dark, strange room, thrilled by what had passed before her eyes; horrified by fears of what might yet have to be seen.

It seemed to her that she staggered round that attic—tearing her hands on nails in the wall, and bruising every limb against the timber piled round—for hours. In point of fact only half an hour had passed from the time she left her own room till she rejoined her husband, having stumbled on the door by sheer accident when about to give up the search in despair.

"Come with me," she gasped. "No—never mind that," half awake, he was staring at the stains on her gown. "I have scratched my hands, that's all. Come with me and look for Stella."

Without rousing the servants, they searched the house: no Stella was to be found, high or low. The hall door was shut but unlocked, and with the bolts all drawn. They went out on the terrace which formed the grand entrance, and commanded a good view of the park.

"She wouldn't leave the house at this hour St. John," said Mrs. Lockwood; "she must have fainted somewhere. Let's rouse the servants."

"Not yet. She may have found the heat oppressive and gone to the fernery. Don't be alarmed, my dear; it's only some new whim, better not make a fuss about it, and—by God! but there she is!"

He had just started down the steps and so faced the park. Straight in front of him, and at a distance of some eight hundred yards, under the clear moonlight, he saw the unmistakable figure of a woman walking slowly, and as straight as an arrow, across the grass to Dighton.

"Where? Where is she?" cried his wife. "There in the park—where you are looking?"

"There! look in a line with the beeches there. Now, don,t you see?"

At this moment the church clock rang the half hour—half-past eleven.

"I do. What can she——" Mrs. Lockwood caught the right spot, and got so far, when she cried. "Oh, mercy! she's fallen!"

"Fallen" was hardly the word. The retreating figure sank slowly to the earth, as the last chime died away in the warm summer night.

* * * * * * *

Mrs. Kirkman proceeded to London by an early train, and was punctual at the scholastic agency, where the sale of her house, furniture, &c., and the good-will of her school, was to be completed.

"I shall be glad," she told the purchasers (two sisters), "to see you as my guests to-morrow or Friday, so that I may introduce the young ladies to you before their departure. On Monday I will give you possession."

"When we hope you will do us the favor to remain as our guest until your arrangements are made," was the not wholly disinterested reply.

"All my arrangements are made," said Mrs. Kirkman. "I shall leave Dighton on Monday."

"I really *do* think," interposed the gentleman who conducted the scholastic agency—a square pasty man in black, who looked like a dean, but misused his h's—"that it would be 'ardly fair to leave these young ladies alone so soon. They quite 'oped you would stay and hintroduce them to the neighboring gentry."

"I made no stipulations to that effect, sir," was Mrs. Kirkman's quick and rather excited answer. "They can go to church with me on Sunday, and so be made known. As for the gentry, I do not know any—I made my way without introductions. I will, however, do all I can for you" (this to the sisters) "in this way till Monday—when I go."

"Never mind, my dears," said the scholastic man when Mrs. Kirkman had gone; "never mind! If a disagreeable old woman like that can succeed at Dighton, you'll be sure to get on beautiful."

Soon afterwards, when they also had gone, and he was entering his fee for the transaction, he cast it over in his mind, and hoped it was all right. "Telegraphs to me," he mused, "to sell out for her; offers me fifty pounds extra if I can do so in a week; takes two-thirds of its value, and runs off directly she gets the money. Hum! well, it's no business of mine *now*." So he banked his fees and his fifty pounds extra, and locked up his conscience.

The now ex schoolmistress invested the purchase money and some more in circular notes, bought two large trunks and many other necessaries for traveling, obtained a passport and had it *visèd* at the Italian consulate, dined at the terminus of the railway that was to take her back to Dighton, and started by the train which was due at Salincham at 11 P. M.

The line from Salincham to Dighton was a single one eight miles long, and its traffic was conducted on a system of signalling under which it was said that accidents were perfectly impossible; but on the night of the 17th of June a tired telegraph operator, talking to a friend, did not hear something that the station-master said—or *said* he said—and the consequence was that two trains were despatched, one from each end of this line. They met with appalling force about half-way, just as the clocks were chiming half-past eleven.

About midnight Dr. Fletcher was awakened by two messengers—a railway porter with a telegram, calling him to the scene of the accident, and a mounted groom from the Honor, bidding him come at once for God's sake to the three beeches in the park, for Miss Stella was dead."

"That settles it," said the Doctor. "I must attend to this case first," he told the porter, as he mounted his horse. "I'll be at the station as soon as I can."

The horse was one of St. John Lockwood's best hunters, and the Doctor was a "straight" man with a good mount under him. As soon as he got out of the village he made a line for the three beeches, and there he found Stella Lockwood stretched on the ground insensible, and close to her right hand, as though it had fallen from her grasp, *was the cracked tumbler*.

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The drivers of both trains and four passengers had been killed outright by the accident before mentioned, and eleven others more or less injured—one fatally. This was Mrs. Kirkman. When she became conscious, she insisted upon being taken to her own house, to which Dr. Fletcher escorted her. He had disposed of his first case, and by this time Stella Lockwood was in her old bed again, still unconscious, but by no means dead or in danger.

"I thought I could get away from Dighton, Doctor," said Mrs. Kirkman faintly, "but you see there is a fatality. How long can I live?"

"I will answer you frankly to-morrow. In the meantime do not weaken or excite yourself by speaking."

"To-morrow may be too late; my voice is failing me now. I must use it whilst I can. Doctor, those questions you put to me the other day about the present Mrs. Lockwood are troubling me. Did they mean that you suspect her of something? Do you think that the Squire's first wife met with foul play?"

After the first shock of the discovery made in the park was over, Fletcher had no time to think even, so occupied had he been with dead, dying and wounded. These questions brought all his old fears and perplexities—now doubly perplexed—back to his mind with such force that prudence had no chance of a hearing, and he replied quickly, "I do."

"You are wrong," said the dying woman; "Stella's mother was poisoned by—by me. Mrs. Lockwood is a good woman, you must do nothing to pain her. All the blame is mine. If any one should accuse her, tell them what I say. If you like to write it down I will sign it, but you must be quick, and, Doctor, let me be buried near my—near Colonel Ravesy. He was the only being I ever loved, and—and—I was his wife—not always—he did me that justice at last."

"As the price of a crime!"

"We did not think it a crime, then, but it was; there is no use in repining and palavering with the truth now. If you had seen how she suffered, perhaps—no: this is going to old delusions. It was a murder."

"Instigated by the Colonel?"

"Never mind who instigated it, it was committed by me. Now, Doctor, if any one had told me a month ago what I am about to say to you now. I should have scoffed at it. What do *you* think of such a proposition as this: that some mysterious power should force a person to avenge, unconsciously, a crime, unknown to her, by which she has suffered."

"You are too ill to——"

"As there is a God above me, Dr. Fletcher, Stella Lockwood has avenged her mother by killing my husband and me."

Fletcher thought of the last appearance of the cracked tumbler, and was speechless with amazement.

"She persecuted him into his grave," continued Mrs. Kirkman, almost angrily, "and she began the same thing with me. To avoid her I sold my school, and intended to place the sea between us, with this result. The hand of God has struck us both through her."

And the Doctor groaned inwardly, "And she doesn't know half the truth yet."

"If you can save my reputation, Dr. Fletcher," she went on after a long pause, "you will do so, I am sure, for old acquaintance sake; but Mrs. Lockwood must not suffer. Don't let her father's name come in. Lay it all on me. And, Doctor, one thing more—that poison. It is very deadly, and if, yes, it might be found—and some one taste it, or spill it where it could get into food. We—I hid it behind the skirting-board in the attic of the right wing that looks over the stables. It was the first place I thought of that night. I put it—and something else—away there for the time, intending to destroy them afterwards, but I never dared go near the spot."

"I will see to it," muttered the Doctor. His throat was dry and his brain in a whirl. "Will you tell me one thing more—how was that poison administered?"

"I changed her jug of lemonade. Oh, Doctor! is this death?"

No, not death, but his shadow. He was very near.

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I must now take you back to Stella Lockwood. "A clear case of somnambulism," said Dr. Fletcher; "unhinge a gate some of you, and carry her home. Then" (this to Mrs. Lockwood in a whisper) "cut off her clothes; put her to bed, and don't say a word about what has happened. I will come in the morning as soon as I can."

All this was done. Her step-mother passed the night watching her, but as to be unperceived if she woke. She remained exactly where they placed her, as still as a corpse, but towards the morning her breathing became more and more distinct and regular. At ten o'clock she woke.

"Why, mammie!" she exclaimed, "you here! Have I overslept myself? What o'clock is it?"

She was told, and cried, "Why, what a lazy girl! Oh, mammie, do stay and help me to dress, what *will* papa say?"

This, to Mrs. Lockwood's wonder, in her old merry voice, in her old bright manner, using the pet name "mammie," which had not passed her lips for nearly a year. Presently she came upon the dress she had worn the night before, and which had been incautiously left on a chair.

"Oh, do look here!" she exclaimed, "my pretty gown! cut all to bits. Who could have done it?"

This was a poser, but Mrs. Lockwood was equal to the occasion. An under-housemaid, to whom Stella had taken a dislike, had been dismissed, and left the house early that morning. The damage was laid upon this scapegoat.

"How spiteful!" Stella observed, and so that ended.

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I have only one more fact to add. Mrs. Kirkman died at a few minutes to ten as nearly as Lockwood could remember; the clock was on the point of striking when Stella awoke. From that awaking her former healthy state of mind returned, and bodily strength and vigor followed.

If it hadn't been for poor, well-meaning Mrs. Markby, the case might have passed for somnambulism, complicated by one of those troublesome forms of hysteria common in girls of Stella Lockwood's age. But the sight of the cracked tumbler on the ground under the three beeches was too much for the worthy dame. She clutched her master aside, and whispered what made further inquiry imperative. Doctor Fletcher had to tell his story, sparing the Colonel as he promised, and to admit for the second time in this connection that upon his word and honor he did not know what to make out of it.

Nor do I, who tell this story, pretend to explain it. Unless Dr. Fletcher is to be disbelieved, the first Mrs. Lockwood was poisoned by her hired nurse, and the remains of the fated drug employed were hidden away. If Mrs. Lockwood was not dreaming that night, she saw Stella go to the spot described by Mrs. Kirkman as the hiding-place of the poison, and take it out with her. Science speaks beyond peradventure. The same sort of poison which was found in Colonel Ravesy's glass was also in the bottle which Stella was carrying towards the schoolhouse. If the housekeeper is to be believed, the same cracked tumbler figured in or about the three deaths, and disappeared after each of the two first. Was it the "something else" which Mrs. Kirkman stated she put away the poison? That is guess-work.

Strangest coincidences there are throughout. The Colonel died just before preparations were completed to put him out of danger. Mrs. Kirkman met with her death just as she was about to leave the country. At the moment she received the injuries of which she died, Stella was suddenly checked in her mission—whatever it was—across the park. The death of the poisoner, and the waking and recovery to health of her victim's daughter, were simultaneous.

Was the wretched, conscience stricken woman right? Was Stella forced by some mysterious agency to avenge her mother? You now know as much as I do, and can draw your own conclusions.

[THE END.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

EGYPTIAN PERFUMES.—So perfect were the Egyptians in the manufacture of perfumes, that some of their ancient ointment preserved in an alabaster vase, in England, still retains a very powerful odor, though it must be between 2,000 and 3,000 years ago.

THE TURK AND HIS BEARD.—The Mahommedans are very superstitious touching the beard. The bury they hairs which come off in combing it, and break them first, because they believe that angels have charge of every hair, and that they gain them their dismissal by breaking it.

ANCIENT BABYLON.—In old Babylon eagles were trained to accompany the warriors in their battles to pluck out the eyes of the enemy or to feast upon the conquered. Very great cruelties were practiced upon the captives. In one of the rural scenes, the king, who quaffs the goblet in an arbor, is gratified by the sight of the head of an enemy hanging upon one of the trees. The royal game was the lion. Parks were kept entirely for the king to enjoy the lion hunt.

SCOTLAND'S THISTLE.—The following is given as the reason for Scotland's adoption of the thistle as its national flower or plant: When the Danes invaded the country on one occasion, they resolved to adopt a stratagem, and in order to prevent the Scots from detecting them marched bare foot. The Danes thought they should reach the camp in a few minutes, when on a sudden a man who went forward was wounded by a Scotch thistle, so that he could not help crying out loudly with pain. This aroused the Scots, who flew to arms, and vanquished the Danes.

SALUTING THE STARS AND STRIPES.—During the late Franco-Prussian war a young American lady chanced to be staying with her parents at one of the principal hotels at Homburg, on the day that the German King of Prussia and the Crown Prince passed through the town on their way to the seat of war. So she decorated her balcony with a large American flag, and when the troops came in sight she came out and waved her handkerchief. As the royal carriage passed, the King and "Unser Fritz" looked up and bowed, and then the latter called one of his aide-de-camp to him and gave an order which was passed down the line—an order for each regiment as it went by to salute the Stars and Stripes.

THE ENGLISH POETS.—The fates of the English poets are rather peculiar. Shakespeare and Milton each died without a son but both left daughters, and both names are now extinct. Addison had an only child, a daughter. She died unmarried. The son and daughter of Coleridge both died childless. The two sons of Sir Walter Scott died without children—one of the two daughters died unmarried. We read of old Chaucer's son, of Dryden's sons, of the sons of Burns, of Allan Ramsey's son, of Dr. Young's son, of Campbell's son, of Moore's son and of Shelley's son; none of whom have direct descendants. Ben Jonson survived all his children. Some, and those among the greatest died unmarried—Butler, Cowley, Congreve, Otway, Prior, Pope, Thompson, Gay, Cowper, Akenside, Shenstone, Collins, Gray, Goldsmith and Rogers.

THE ROUNDNESS OF THE EARTH.—The theory regarding the rotundity of the earth was strenuously opposed by many of the great lights of the church. Many of the arguments given to combat and disprove the theory were not only very amusing, but several of them extremely ingenious, among those latter that of St. Augustine may be cited as an example. He maintained that the theory was directly opposed to the Scripture, which asserted that at the last day it was promised that the Son of God would descend in power and glory in sight of all the nations and peoples of the earth. This would be an impossibility if the earth was round, as in that case he could only be seen by the people inhabiting one side of it, consequently the fulfilment of this Scriptural promise required that the earth should be flat.

THE PARIS CRECHE.—The creche—so called in memory of the Bethlehem crib—is an institution of the greatest use to poor women obliged to work for their living in Paris. They either find their children an insuperable bar to their labor, or else a source of constant anxiety during their absence. To the creche, however, they can take the little ones in the early morning and leave them till late at night, paying only a small sum, such as five cents a day, if they are able, while if circumstances warrant their being exempted, even this is not required. The house is supported chiefly by voluntary contributions, and the sisters often have lay assistants eager to share in their labor of love. The children are taken in at all ages, the tiniest unweaned infant not excepted: there are little cots of all sizes prepared for them, an abundance of milk, toys for the oldest ones, picture books, etc. They are fed three times a day, washed and combed before being sent home, and if the mother fails to return at night, they are of course housed with the tenderest care.

THE THEATRE TWO CENTURIES AGO.—Here is a picture of the parterre, of a London theatre in 1667 drawn by an eye witness: "The parterre is very inconvenient on account of the press; there are to be found there a thousand knaves, mingled with the honest people whom they sometimes wish to affront. They make quarrels out of nothing, draw their swords, and interrupt the play. At their quietest they do not cease talking, crying, and hissing." The behavior of the aristocratic portion of the audience was little better. The fops and people of fashion had their seats upon the stage. The theatre was what the opera is at the present day—a rendezvous—and coqueting, and chattering, and loud laughter interrupted the performance. Sometimes the crowd upon the stage was so large that there was scarcely room for the actors, and sentinals had to be placed at the entrances to keep the people back.

S. Braden, the Indianapolis, Ind., boy who carried off all the honors of the English training ship Worcester, has just arrived home. He has the gold medal and other prizes awarded by the Queen, and might have had a cadetship in the English Navy had he renounced his allegiance to his country, but he would not.

There has been a remarkable case of constancy in England. A man who separated from his wife thirty-five years ago has just returned and offered to "kiss and make up." A few days prior to the offer the wife had inherited a large estate.

Distinguish between idleness, ignorance, want of attention and malice; words sometimes slip from the tongue which the heart neither hatched nor harbored.

NEWS OF INTEREST

In the way of fine eating, the latest Paris rage is turtle's liver.

There are about 40 American art students in Munich and vicinity.

Edison's yearly income from his patents is said to be about $60,000.

The Bishop of Hong Kong has ordained three Chinese clergymen.

Senator Oglesby, when a boy, was the best fiddler in the Sangamon bottom.

A Spanish woman walks in the Paris boulevards leading a dove with a ribbon.

Prince Arthur will, after his marriage, settle down in Ireland and rebuild Tara's halls.

The report is current in Berlin that the Austrian Empress wears a false throat made of wax.

Many Chinese families keep carrier pigeons, by which they send letters to their friends.

Ira D. Sankey will go to England to work with evangelists there during the coming winter.

A Mr. Reynolds, of Cuthbert, Ga., has married a Miss Chance, aged 11, and weighing 60 pounds.

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, of Mountain City, Texas, have lived together 82 years. He is 103 and she 102.

The widow of Daniel Webster, now quite aged and in infirm health, lives at New Rochelle, N. Y.

Milton Blanche, of Lebanon, has written 2,000 words on a postal card. A microscope is required to read them.

Thomas Carlyle's house in Chelsea, London, is of yellow brick and looks like a Milwaukee mechanic's house.

Dr. Babcock, inventor of the fire extinguisher, is said to be an outcast in California. He was once wealthy.

Birchard Hayes, eldest son of the President, has completed his law studies and will open an office in Toledo this fall.

Prince Ibrahim, of Egypt, who stands high in military circles, will hereafter live at Woolwich, and exist like an English gentleman.

Lyman Grinnell, of Norwich, Conn., believes that cat flesh is the only pure meat, and he is said to have lived on it for four years.

No woman can be employed in an Austrian railway office unless she is under 25, and will promise not to marry within three years.

The relations between Prince Bismarck and Count Andrassy are reported to be less intimate in consequence of the bungling in Bosnia.

R. O. Wickwire, once the "living skeleton" of Barnum's show, died a few days ago in Fairfax, Vt., where he held the position of postmaster.

Anæmia, or bloodlessness, is becoming common among English colliers. It is supposed that want of fresh air and light is a chief cause.

Mr. Maskelyne, the famous London conjurer, has constructed two automatons, one of which plays the cornet and the other the euphonium.

A Paris correspondent writes that Victor Hugo, notwithstanding his suspected insanity, is really the most popular man in France to-day.

In future the government envelopes in India are to be inscribed "On Her Imperial Majesty's Service," instead of "On Her Majesty's Service."

Gounod, the composer, still hale and hearty, lives most of the time in London, where he is now at work on a new opera, called "Maitre Pierre."

The Empress of Austria, the Duke of Connaught, the Princess Louise of Prussia, and the Prince Imperial of France will attend the Ward hunt at Dublin this Fall.

Near Fort Osborne, Manitoba, is a dwelling house sheeted and roofed with tin got from old oyster and fruit cans. All the joints are perfect, and the house is water-proof.

The next Emperor of Japan, in response to a pressure of enlightened public opinion, is likely to be a monogamist. The present Emperor has a Sultana and a dozen queens besides.

Loman Griffen, who recently died at Lodi, O., was 105, and such was his hold on life that for a week before his death he took no nourishment and breathed after his body was cold.

Miss Belle Caldwell, a graduate of the Wheeling Female College, class of 1877, and a teacher for the last year in that institution, has just gone out as a missionary to Bangkok, Siam.

Lord Dufferin's gift from the Ontario curlers, a massive kettle of native silver, has the complimentary inscriptions, "Better Lord ye canna be," and "Will ye no come back again?"

Admiral Porter is said to devote the proceeds of his writings to clearing away the debt on the naval monument to Peace, at Washington. He is now writing an article on torpedoes.

"The claimant," Orton, is now employed at Portsmouth Dockyard, sawing timber. At first they set him to brickmaking, but he attracted too much attention from curious visitors.

Samuel Ward, of Boston, has built him a countryseat on Stockbridge Lake, in the Berkshire Hills. It makes ample provision for visitors, having fifty bedchambers. All the appointments are said to be on the most liberal scale.

An inventive mariner has launched at Wiscasset, Me., a diamond shaped vessel, with five masts, a great number of triangular sails, and a rudder of uncommon length. He believes that the odd craft will make great speed.

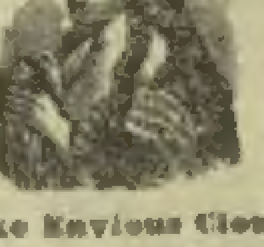
Miss Florence Nightingale is now sixty years old, and lives in London almost a prisoner to her room. Once a year she takes her widowed mother to Derbyshire. She wrote lately in a letter to a friend: "Overworked as I am, my health is necessarily bad.

Captain Eads has been compelled to decline the flattering invitation extended to him by Dom Pedro, to go to Brazil and superintend the river improvements in that empire, but he has recommended a prominent American engineer in his stead.

Some memoirs about to be published in Paris state that Thiers was so small a baby that he could have been put into a wooden shoe. He was baptized in a cellar, since the Reign of Terror had just come to a close, and the priests were all afraid to perform the ceremony in a church.

Prince Henry, of Netherlands, according to a German paper, is one of the richest princes in the world. A silver mine in the United States yields him a handsome income and he has also many Russian and other bonds, with 99 properties in Holland—the maximum number, for only the King can own 100—and some in other countries.

One of the sights to be remembered at Homburg this season were the startling lawn tennis costumes worn by the young ladies. Elaborate tea gowns, composed of silk, satin, and brocade, and lavishly trimmed with lace and embroidery, are also one of the newest and not least costly items of a woman's toilette. One *elegante* recently brought seventeen different dresses with her for a five days' visit.



Like Envious Clouds

that obscure a beauteous landscape are the discolorations, blotches, pustules, moth spots and other disfacements which frequently overshadow female charms. A few applications of LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, will, however, invariably dispel these blights upon beauty, and render attractions previously eclipsed more dazzling than ever. So perfectly natural is the delicate hue bestowed by this preparation that no one would ever suppose it to have been produced by an artificial agent.

DRIFTING DOWN.

BY J. ASHBY-STERRY.

Drifting down in the gray-green twilight,
Oh, the scent of the new mown hay!
Soft drip the oars in the mystic shy light,
Oh, the charm of the dying day!
While fading flecks of bright opalescence
But faintly dapple a saffron sky,
The stream flows on with superb quiescence,
The breeze is hushed to the softest sigh.
Drifting down in the sweet still weather,
Oh, the fragrance of fair July!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
Oh, how fleetly the moments fly!

Drifting down on the dear old river,
Oh, the music that interweaves!
The ripples run and the sedges shiver,
Oh, the song of the lazy leaves!
And far-off sounds—for the night so clear is—
Awake the echoes of bygone times;
The muffled roar of the distant weir is
Cheered by the clang of the mellow chimes.
Drifting down in the cloudless weather,
Oh, how short is the summer day!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
Oh, how quickly we drift away!

Drifting down as the night advances,
Oh, the calm of the starlit skies!
Eyelids droop o'er the half-shy glances,
Oh, the light in those blue-gray eyes!
A winsome maiden is sweetly singing
A dreamy song in a minor key;
Her clear low voice and its tones are bringing
A mingled melody back to me.
Drifting down in the clear calm weather,
Oh, how sweet is the maiden's song!
Love, my love, when we drift together,
Oh, how quickly we drift along!

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER VIII.

"Sir Owen Chevenix." The inhabitants of Lilford uttered the name with awe and respect. Those who had never seen Sir Owen made a point of talking about him, and were elevated almost to another sphere. Sir Owen was a man of note. He was that much-to-be envied person, a millionnaire, and he had just purchased the finest estate in Loomshire. It was called Garswood Hall, and lay between Lilford and the town of Oldstone.

There had been great excitement about this property. It had belonged to Lord Garswood, who was chiefly famous for his great love of travel. It was seldom that he spent two years together in England; and now that he had resolved upon living entirely in the East, Garswood Hall, with the grand estate belonging to it, came into the market, and the fortunate purchaser was Sir Owen Chevenix.

Sir Owen had arrived in great state at Garswood. Servants, carriages, horses, grandeur of all kinds, had preceded him. Every one was talking of him. The number of horses in his stables and of servants in his household, the marvels of gold and silver plate at the Hall, the wonders in shape of magnificent furniture—these things formed the staple of the conversation in every house in Lilford. Then came the crowning intelligence, he was not married—this millionnaire on whom Fortune had lavished her gifts; and the excitement rose to a great height when this became known. Maids and matrons took the greatest interest in him, the grandees of the county waited upon him, fashionable mothers offered him advice about his household, about the parties he intended giving, and about the people he must invite, while the squires were much interested in his stable and pack of hounds. The younger ladies wondered what he would be like, and which amongst them would be the happy one chosen as queen of Garswood.

He must marry: that was very certain—he could not live alone at such a place as Garswood. The matrons looked mysteriously at each other, and said that it was to be hoped he would settle soon; it was so much better for a man to marry young. Sir Owen himself made inquiries about the fairer portion of the population.

"Have you any pretty girls in this part of the world?" he asked one day of Captain Hill, the sporting man *par excellence* of the neighborhood.

"I believe so," he replied—"I have heard people say so. It is not in my line, you understand."

"Exactly. Well, it is in mine—and a very pleasant line I find it. The only thing I dreaded in coming hither was that I should find nothing but rustic beauty of the milkmaid sort. I have a decided distaste for it; and the fact of the matter is, I am looking out for a beautiful wife."

"It is a very sensible thing to do," said Captain Hill.

"It is all very well," continued Sir Owen, "for philosophers to say there is nothing in beauty. That is all a mistake; every woman ought to be beautiful. I will go so far as this—I would rather marry a woman with great beauty and a thousand faults than a plain woman with the virtues of an angel. I like something pleasant to look at."

And these ideas of the millionnaire were soon known throughout the neighborhood. Beauty was at a premium; the plain faces gave up the contest.

Sir Owen Chevenix very soon became the great man of the county. He did not like Oldstone, but he did like Lilford; he had little patience with the gentry, but he liked the sporting squires. He was so lavish in his orders, so extravagant in his expenditure, that the tradesmen of Lilford looked upon him as a special gift of Providence, while his coming seemed to have given fresh life to the county.

When the month of blossom came round, Sir Owen was quite settled at Garswood. He had won golden opinions by not going up to the town for the season. Now that he was a landed proprietor he declared his intentions of remaining on his land.

He had already attended one or two meetings of different kinds at Lilford, and he received an invitation from doctor Hunter, the Vicar, to attend the annual festival of the school-children, held always in the month of May. At first he had thrown it contemptuously aside. What had he, the sporting Baronet, as he liked to hear himself called, to do with the school-children? He sent a cheque which caused the good Vicar to open his eyes. Then, some one having told him that all the *elite* of the neighborhood attended the *fete*, he went.

In a field near the Vicarage the school-children played to their hearts' content; while in the Vicarage grounds the *elite* enjoyed themselves in quieter fashion. The military band from Oldstone was there, pretty white tents were erected, there were croquet and lawn tennis, quadrilles for those who liked dancing, and archways for those who liked shooting. Sir Owen Chevenix, having heard that all the pretty girls in the neighborhood would be there, decided on going himself. No one but Doctor and Mrs. Hunter knew of his intention, and they had kept it a secret, intending to surprise their guests. As a matter of course, beautiful Violet Haye was to be there. Evelyn Lester had been invited, and the Vicar had discussed with his wife the advisability of sending an invitation to Felix Lonsdale.

"There is a black mark against the whole family," said the Vicar, who forgot at times that his Gospel was the Gospel of Peace, and thought more of justice than of mercy. "I do not say that Darcy Lonsdale was guilty of that which was laid to his charge, but there is a mark against him."

"Against the father, David, but not the son," corrected his wife.

"You might as well try to distinguish between husband and wife as between father and son," rejoined the Vicar.

"There is another thing," said the diplomatic lady; "we must ask Violet Haye. She is, in truth, the greatest attraction we shall have to offer, and, as they are lovers, I do not quite see how they can be parted on such an occasion."

"I shall do it against my will," remarked the Vicar.

"Well that is far better than not doing it at all," replied Mrs. Hunter. "It will be a kind of test; if we see that people seem shy of Felix Lonsdale, we must not ask him again."

So Felix received an invitation. If he had known how and why it was given to him, he would have placed it under his heels and have gone twenty miles in a different direction; as it was, it gave him unbounded pleasure. He was to meet Violet; he would spend a whole half-day with her; he would see her beautiful and admired, yet with the proud consciousness that she was his—all his—his promised wife; and when he reached that join in his reflection he remembered how she had raised her face to his with the laughing words, "I have not quite promised." Still that meant nothing; there was no truth to be sure like Violet's.

The prospect of that one day to be spent with her delighted him. He sat up the greater part of the night, so that by his unusual holiday, business might not suffer. It seemed to him the time would never come when he would meet Violet.

Nor had beautiful Violet Haye been unmindful of the coming *fete*. Her father had looked grave over the milliner's bill when it was given to him; but Violet had determined on being queen of the *fete*. Mrs. Brownson, Mrs. Baulders, and Miss Stanley would certainly be there, perhaps even Lady Balfe, and she must be dressed suitably to meet those potentates.

A beautiful costume of white muslin, rich lace, and blue ribbons was provided, with a wonderful little hat that seemed to be made of feathers; and Violet decided that she had never looked so well before. She pictured to herself an easy sovereignty. Eva Lester was the only one she feared; but then Eva was never given to dress and flirtation.

The month of May had never set in more beautifully. The world was all thrilling with new life, the green leaves were springing on the trees, the hedges pink and white with hawthorn, the violets nestling in the fields, the primroses growing in great golden clusters at the foot of the trees; the air was fragrant with the odor of a thousand sweet flowers, all nature glad and bright. To be in the midst of all this beauty, and with Violet, was something for Felix to dream of.

Lovely laughing May had given her fairest for the *fete*; every one was full of congratulations—the sunshine, the music, everything was so beautiful. Felix saw nothing but the bright face of his love. They walked over the smooth green lawns together; and then Violet, turning suddenly to her lover, said—

"Have you heard all the wonderful stories about the new-comer Sir Owen Chevenix?"

"I find but little time to gossip," he replied; "still I have heard that he is wealthy, and likes to spend his money freely."

Violet's face had quite a light upon it as she continued—

"People say that his plate is superb. Felix, I should like to eat my dinner off a golden plate."

"It would be no better for that, Violet," he replied, longing with all his heart to be able to make her such a present. "You know the saying about the dish of herbs?"

"Yes, I know it, but I do not believe in it. How wonderful it must be, Felix, to live in such a grand house, to have so much money and so many luxuries!"

"I know something I would rather have than all Sir Owen's luxuries," said Felix.

"What is it?" she asked eagerly.

"Your love, Violet." And she knew that he meant what he said.

CHAPTER X.

Under one of the spreading elms on the Vicarage lawn, stood Violet Haye, talking to her lover. They were watching the contest for a silver arrow, enjoying the failures and mistakes which were out of all proportion to the successes. The sunlight fell upon her, tinging the golden hair with deeper gold, making the fair flower-like face still more fair, brightening the white dress with golden gleams. As she stood there her crimson lips parted, smiling at the bright scene before her; she looked like a picture of something almost too fair and ethereal for earth. Her love was near her. For him the *fete* held naught but Violet. The sunlight was not so fair to him as the light in her eyes. The harmony that came from the whispering wind, the silvery murmur of laughter, the notes of the air that the band was playing held not such music as her voice. Many eyes lingered on the handsome couple under the great elm. Men looked with envy. Many a man would have given half he had in the world to stand by Violet's side as an accepted suitor. Women looked with jealous admiration; they could say just what they liked about her, they could criticise her dress and her manner, but each one knew she was simply the most beautiful woman present.

The *fete* was at its height. From the meadows came the hearty shouts of the children at play. Suddenly there seemed to be a slight commotion amongst the guests, and Felix saw the Vicar standing with a gentleman who was certainly not remarkable for the handsomeness of his personal appearance, but the Vicar seemed impressed by his presence. Then Captain Hill joined them, and the Vicar went away, leaving the two men together.

The new comer, Sir Owen Chevenix, turned to his friend with a smile.

"It is not bad," he said; "but I see nothing that repays me for the trouble of coming."

Captain Hill turned slowly, and motioned to the great elm tree.

"That is the prettiest sight on the grounds," he remarked; and a curious light came over the heavy face of Sir Owen Chevenix as he gazed. At the same time some keen, subtle instinct which he could not understand told Captain Hill that he had acted cruelly.

"You are right," agreed Sir Owen Chevenix, looking intently at Violet—"that is by far the prettiest sight on the grounds. Who is that young lady?"

"Miss Violet Haye," replied the Captain. "An honest impulse prompted him to add," She is engaged to Felix Lonsdale," but a subtle sense that such a statement would be displeasing to Sir Owen restrained him.

"Will you introduce me to Miss Haye?" asked the Baronet. The light in his eyes had grown lurid; the Captain did not like it.

"It would be better for Mrs. Hunter to do that," he replied. "I am not one of Miss Haye's friends."

Sir Owen walked quickly away. There was a look on his face as of earnest purpose when he saw Mrs. Hunter. She listened to his request, and she wondered at the strange light on his face.

"Introduce you to Miss Haye?" she said. "Of course I will, with the greatest pleasure." Then, oddly, some subtle doubt crossed her mind; but she would not think of it for one moment. Sir Owen Chevenix was the great personage of the entertainment, the great attraction of the *fete*. She must certainly do as he requested. Why not? Violet Haye was a beautiful girl, and it was only reasonable that every one should admire her. So she walked across the lawn with Sir Owen, who was the observed of all observers.

The sun shone just as brightly, there was no cloud in the blue sky, no wail in the sweet western wind; the flowers did not droop or tremble, the leaves did not quiver, as they might have done could they have known what was drawing near.

Neither Violet nor her lover saw the two until Mrs. Hunter spoke.

"Miss Haye," she said, "Sir Owen Chevenix has asked me to introduce him to you."

Violet's face flushed hotly—it was so sudden, it was such a surprise. This was the rich Baronet of whom so lately she had been speaking of with such awe and wonder. She bowed, and murmured a few words—she never remembered what they were; then; as a matter of course Mrs. Hunter was compelled to introduce Felix. Sir Owen acknowledged the introduction by a few careless words. The whole scene occurred in the radiant sunlight, in the midst of blooming flowers and happy faces—yet it was the prelude to a terrible tragedy.

"A beautiful day," said Sir Owen to Violet—"a charming scene too, quite rural, quite pastoral—the kind of thing I like."

But Violet had not recovered her composure. She was quite unused to society; and the consciousness that she was talking to a young Baronet, the great man of the neighborhood, was for the moment too much for her. He liked her shy, pretty embarrassment. He had been accustomed to women whose eyes met his boldly, who gave him word for word, repartee for repartee; he liked the drooping eyes that showed long fringed lashes, the downcast face, so attractive in its sweet confusion. Felix made some remark, and again the Baronet answered him with a careless word or two.

"I hear that we are to have quadrilles," said Sir Owen to Violet. "Will you favor me with the first, Miss Haye?"

She answered "Yes," because she did not know how to refuse him.

"I had no idea that this kind of thing could be so well managed in a place like Lilford," said Sir Owen. "It inspires me with an idea—I must really give a *fete* at Garswood."

"That would be very pleasant," returned Violet shyly.

"It would if you were there," thought Sir Owen; "and there you shall be queen of the *fete* if I can manage it." Aloud he said—"Have you seen Garswood, Miss Haye?"

"I have been in the park," replied Violet, "but I have not seen the house."

"There is plenty of room for a *fete* there. I am quite in love with the place myself—it has such fine old trees, such grand oaks and elms, such ferns, and all that kind of thing."

Violet wondered for one moment whether it was fashionable to be always speaking of "that kind of thing," and why it was that the Baronet had such a dearth of ideas. She looked up at him so inquiringly that Sir Owen almost involuntarily said—

"Were you going to ask me anything?"

Her face flushed again, remembering what she had thought. He thought her rich lovely color going and coming the most attractive thing he had ever seen in his life. To give her time to recover herself he addressed some indifferent remark to Felix.

He was not gifted with any remarkable comeliness, this young Baronet to whom fortune had been so kind. He was tall and thin, without any dignity or ease of manner; his gait was awkward, his hands and arms always gave one the impression that they were more than he could manage. His hair was black, his eyes were dark with a furtive expression; he had a dark heavy moustache, which drooped over cruel lips, his face was a strange mixture of moral weakness and brute force. His voice was unpleasant; there was no mellow ring in it, no music; it was high, clear, and shrill, but then he wore a superb diamond pin and rings, his dress was a marvel of the tailor's art, and he had an income of forty thousand a year. What was the grand manly beauty of Antinous, the grace of Apollo, compared with that?

"You will remember you promised me the first quadrille, Miss Haye. I see Lady Rolfe. I must pay my *devoirs* to her;" and with a low bow Sir Owen turned away.

"What splendid diamonds!" cried Violet.

"What a horrible man!" thought Felix.

Violet had been struck with the gems, Felix had been chiefly impressed by the awkward gait and ungainly carriage. He turned to Violet.

"My darling," he said, "why have you promised to dance with that horrible man?"

"Horrible!" cried Violet. "Do you know how rich and how great he is, Felix?"

"That makes him even more horrible—it is so many magnificent gifts wasted. You must not dance with him, Violet, but with me. You are mine—you belong to me. I cannot let you go to him even for one dance—even for five minutes."

Violet laughed.

"I must dance with him now that I have promised, Felix?"

"I do not think that I shall be able to endure it, Violet. I am afraid, if I see his hand touching you, I shall strike it aside."

She laughed again as a child laughs who points a loaded gun for mischief, never dreaming that it may cause sudden death.

"I feel that I ought to dance that quadrille with you, Felix," she said, "but really I did not know how to refuse. I was quite embarrassed—you must have seen it. How jealous all the other girls will be! How Lady Rolfe will watch me! She said the other day that her daughter, that insipid looking girl, was far more beautiful than I. She is not, is she, Felix?"

The lips that asked the question were of the loveliest crimson, the eyes that looked into his were like violets steeped in dew, the face smiling before him was like a blush rose; that the words were foolish never occurred to him.

"My darling, you are more beautiful than any one else," he said. "Violet you must dance this quadrille with Sir Owen, I suppose?"

"Yes, I must indeed," she replied.

"It drives me half mad to think of it. Violet, do not look at him as you look at me—do not, do not let him know how sweet your smile is. Oh, Violet, I shall go mad if you do!"

Again she laughed. "You will have to go mad then, Felix, for I cannot dance with him like a Stoic, can I?"

"You are mine, Violet. If I had a lovely, rare, and precious lily, should I like every one to touch it and inhale its sweetness? You are my own—you belong to me."

"Here comes Sir Owen," said Violet, cutting short his passionate words. "I shall not be long away from you, Felix;" and, laying her white hand on Sir Owen's arm, they went away together.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A WOMAN'S HEART.

BY CHARLES NOEL.

It was not merely the calm, intellectual face of Adelaide Sherburne that had attracted Mr. Oliver Dorchester. It was not the repellant rather than attractive, yet withal fascinating large, cold, gray eyes, nor the peculiarly scornful line of lips, nor the wealth of her golden hair, nor the superb, lithe beauty of her figure, so becomingly arrayed in the most appropriate of costumes; nor was it her voice or manner. Adelaide Sherburne was beautiful after a certain model—and her face was pale—ideal—classical. It reminded one of the face of the Venus of Milo, a haughty beauty, which is not to be criticised or forgotten. But Mr. Oliver Dorchester was in love with Adelaide, and neither her beauty of person, nor her wealth had attracted him. He loved her simply because he imagined she had a heart, "for love's sake only."

"I thought you had a heart, Miss Sherburne," said Mr. Dorchester, one evening after a short interview with the young lady, in the parlor. There had been quite a gathering of all of her lovers that eventful evening, at the Sherburne mansion, and Oliver summoned up courage to stay them all out, for he was desperate, and being a very enthusiastic, good fellow, determined to speak his mind freely to the enigmatical Miss Adelaide.

"I thought you had a heart, but I was mistaken. Are there any young ladies of your acquaintance who really do have hearts? If there are let me know their names and I will register them in my note-book as phenomena."

Adelaide laughed, and answered—"I have no heart, you are quite right, Mr. Dorchester." That Mr. Dorchester he winced under it—"No, sir, you are right."

"But, surely you must love something; even a canary bird or a gold-fish—or if it comes down to that—a man!"

"I love nothing, Mr. Dorchester. I will make an exception—I love myself! That is all. I am cruel, you think."

"You are."

"You are less of a philosopher than I supposed you. So be it. You are impulsive."

"Miss Sherburne!" This with a great expression of surprise, and an interval of unpleasant silence following it.

"Yes—I repeat it. You are impulsive. You say to-night what you would not dare to say to-morrow."

"I hope not. Sit here on the lounge and let me explain. It is late, I am aware. But that will not matter; I must explain myself," said Oliver, somewhat vehemently.

"Oh, then, explain, please; it is indeed late."

"You know as well as any woman knows that I have always considered you a friend—a counsellor, a woman of tact and experience——"

"And of no heart!" interrupted Adelaide with a smile.

"You say truly—of no heart. For you are both heartless and cruel."

"Am I?"

"Yes."

"Then it will need some potent magician to change my temperament and produce, by some occult art of his, that self-same heart! Why, Mr. Dorchester, what do you mean? Explain yourself. We are friends surely."

"Friends, bah! What is friendship?"

"I give it up."

"You jest—you laugh. Why Miss Sherburne, if it were not so late, I could explain myself. I would try, too, in my poor way, to explain what friendship is, and how it differs from love."

"I wish I had time to listen to you. But unfortunately I haven't. So good night."

Mr. Dorchester was staggered. "Good night!" he echoed, touching her fingers with his hand. "I want to explain myself—indeed I do. You know I do."

"I know you do; and we'll probably have more time for it some other evening. Good night."

Mr. Dorchester went home in a species of fury. He was disgusted. How he loved that Adelaide! How he had lived for her! How he had seen only that one young woman in the horizon of his life; and she so repellant, so cold, so satirical—a woman without a heart! What a monstrosity!

"Ah!" he said to himself, as he went along the street. "She's like all women, after all," and he stopped in front of a street lamp, and pulling from his vest pocket a photograph of his idol, he deliberately tore it to pieces, scattered the fragments in the gutter and went home, as he fancied, amply revenged.

He did not go to see Adelaide for more than two months, and when he went into the house one evening, after what he felt to be, in spite of himself, a terrible interval, she came into the parlor to greet him—but, oh!—how changed! He was overcome by that change in her appearance. She was thin and wan—her eyes had lost their glory—her voice its mellowness. She reached a thin hand towards his and touched it, saying, with a bitter smile, "We are friends, I hope?"

"Friends! yes," he stammered. "Why do you ask, Adelaide?"

"Because I thought you had forgotten us!"

"Us!"

"You stare at me quite shockingly, Mr. Dorchester. By 'us' I mean my humble self. Do you think I am improving in looks?" She noticed his face had changed as he looked at her, and she divined his thought.

"You have been ill!"

"Yes. Heartless people always are. I go to the mountains to-morrow."

"What! You surprise me. So late in the season?"

"Never to late to mend. I go to recuperate. I go to live idly and above all to forget!—I want no fashion—nor companionship. I want to be alone in the wilds by myself."

"But your illness! I wish I had known of it."

"How do you imagine I have been ill?"

"You do not look the same; you are paler."

"You are honest."

"I hope so. I am more than honest, if that can be; I am faithful!—"

She replied not to this, but sat with folded hands and a strange expression on her face.

"I beg you will tell me the why and the wherefore of your illness. I am concerned in you deeply."

"Are you? Have men hearts?"

"Sometimes, Adelaide. For my part I boast of one, but it may not result in anything more tangible than a shadow. But what has happened to pull you down so?"

"Possibly I'm in love," she laughed for the first time during their interview, and her laugh was natural and hearty. She repeated, "Perhaps I'm in love."

"In love! You have a heart, then?" he said, moving nearer to her, taking an easy chair, which suggested dreamy lounging. "How is that possible?"

"Do not be sarcastic, Mr. Dorchester; I am not strong enough for sarcasm."

"Am I sarcastic?"

"Oh, no!"

"Will you not tell me all about your life between the happy moments when I last left you and now? Reveal to me all."

The young, handsome fellow was impetuous, impulsive, true, but he had all the *gaucherie* of impulse. A color came into her face as she answered:

"I do not understand, Mr. Dorchester."

"I owe you an apology for not coming before this time, but the, the truth is— I will explain myself——"

The door-bell rang. Oliver's face darkened. He muttered, "Confound the new-comer, say I," and relapsed into his easy chair.

The new-comer proved to be a Mr. Southworth, an old lover of Adelaide's, who on this occasion had merely "dropped in." Oliver was disgusted at the manner in which she received him. She was so gracious, so full of smiles, so affable that she became transfigured into the wondrously beautiful lady she was before her illness. So it seemed to him. Yes, he was irked—angered.

He rose abruptly, bade Adelaide good-night and with a slight bow to the new-comer, passed out into the entry, took his hat from the walnut stand, dallied with his cane and then went into the marble vestibule, she following him.

"I hope you will enjoy yourself at the mountains."

"I hope so," was the response, "I need change and relaxation."

"Indeed you do, Adelaide," he said, as he stood close to her near the door, and spoke with the earnestness of one who chanced his life upon the throw of a stake. "God bless you and may you return benefitted," he said.

"Why do you take such an interest in me?" she asked.

"Because I—I like you."

"Is that all?"

"Will you not tell me why your face is paler, your form thinner and your eyes less lustrous than when I met you before?" he pleaded.

"Mr. Jones is in the parlor. I must go back. Etiquette you know. So good-night!"

"Stop—do not go—please do not go, Adelaide!" he said, vehemently, touching her upon the arm, "tell me in a word, why you are in this mood? Why this pallor and strangeness? Will you not tell me? We men ofttimes have hearts. I have one!"

"I am glad of it! You ask me why I look so thin and miserable as I am sure I do look. The reason is because I have been three weeks ill of fever, which I caught by nursing a neighbor."

"A neighbor!"

"Christ interpreted the word 'neighbor.' *My* neighborhood is wherever there is distress. I hope I understand His interpretation."

"You caught an infectious disease while nursing a sick neighbor—"

"I did. The physicians say it was typhoid fever. I do not know nor care. I did my duty and that is all I desired. The very night you left me last a summons came to ask me if I would go to Lisbon Court, away over in the poor districts, to see to a poor sick woman whom they said was dying of fever. I lost no time. I changed my dress, put on a calico one, took the first car, and watched and nursed the invalid for a whole week, until she died. Then I came home and was myself stricken down and knew nothing for two or three weeks. My friends were angry with me because I had exposed myself to a contagious disease in a poor quarter. God knows I tried to do my duty, and duty is half the battle. Now good night."

"Oh, Adelaide! is it possible! I love you better than my life. I have always loved you. I knew you had a heart." The impulsive young man grasped both her hands in his and continued: "I knew you had a heart, Adelaide. You know I love you."

"Love me—for what?"

"For your heart."

"Hush! not so loud; Mr. Jones may be listening. You knew I had a heart. Why did you wound me so by alleging I was lacking in that dulcet organ?" she whispered.

"Because I am faithful, and that is part of my faith, Adelaide. But good-night, I will see you to morrow."

"Good night," she repeated. The young man went home, and Adelaide returned to the parlor to receive Mr. Jones.

Of course the next evening Mr. Dorchester appeared at a very early hour, and stayed until a very late hour, and the result of this interview may have been foreseen. When Oliver left that night he was full of radiant hope and joy, and serenity. Life seemed a glorious thing to him—Adelaide had confessed her love. She had a heart. The good, beautiful, true woman had a heart, and that heart was his, and he was happy.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

A curt answer has two edges.

The debtor's memory is apt to fail.

None are overstocked with patience.

The right must sometimes yield or fight.

Death has nothing terrible in it but what life has made so.

Censure is the tax a man pays the public for being eminent.

The man lacks moral courage who treats when he should retreat.

Motives are like harlequins—there is always a second dress beneath the first.

Make a man think he is more cunning than you, and you can easily outwit him.

He who shows kindness toward animals will display the same characteristic towards men.

"Do come and see us!" sounds very well, but how much heart is there in it in many cases?

If you would render your children helpless, never compel or permit them to help themselves.

Never reflect on a past action which was done with a good motive and the best judgment at the time.

Absence destroys small passions and increases great ones, as wind blows out tapers and kindles fires.

He who is false to a present duty breaks a thread in the loom, and will see the defect when the weaving of a lifetime is unrolled.

Saving is a habit, like smoking or the taking of snuff; if you begin it and go on for a time, you come to have a passion for it in the end.

Feelings come and go, like light troops following the victory of the present; but principles like troops of the line, are undisturbed and stand fast.

Friendship supplies the place of everything to those who know how to make a right use of it; it makes prosperity happier and adversity more easy.

All prosperous men can give good counsel and like to do it; it costs them nothing. It is easy to declaim against feasting when the stomach is full.

FEMININITIES.

Women should *give* their hearts not *lose* them.

"Six into four, you can't," as the shoemaker mildly suggested to a lady customer.

An English lady claims to have discovered a means of making delicious preserves from roses.

Only a small per centage of men love their glass, but every mother's daughter dotes on hers.

By accident, a Boston paper recently headed a marriage notice "Ingenious Attempt to Swindle."

It's easier to tie a knot in a bull's horn than to make your wife believe that every other night is a lodge night.

A French writer has described a young lady as a creature that ceases to kiss gentlemen at 12 and begins again at 18.

Short sleeves are in order, but you can not make the girl with a mole on her arm admit that she thinks the style is a good one.

"Talk about the jaws of death!" exclaimed a man who was living with his third scolding wife; "I tell you they're nothing to the jaws of life."

Sixty-four women school teachers in Pennsylvania took advantage of their summer vacations to find husbands, and sent in their resignations.

Positive, high; comparative, higher; superlative, hired man—and then she went out and committed suicide because she could not have the superlative.

We lose confidence in the woman, be she ever so amiable, who celebrates the anniversary of her wedding regularly, but disregards the yearly recurrence of her birthday.

A New York woman says: Were it not for the self-sacrificing women of the land who marry and support so many men, the number of tramps would be largely increased.

An old lady in Middlebury, Wis., recently crossed over a bridge marked "dangerous" without seeing the sign. On being informed of the fact on the other side she instantly turned in great alarm and recrossed it.

A Springfield, Ill, woman who was recently made a widow, told her husband in his last sickness of her scheme for his successor, and he gave his approval. The next wedding is to take place before the snow flies.

"Harvest comes but once a year, and a wife can be got at any time," said an Eagle City, Ia., farmer, as he declined to stop work for an hour and attend the funeral of his wife, when the neighbors had laid out the corpse.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 5, 1878

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HAPPINESS.

Happiness is something more than a fleeting sensation. It has permanence—it is a condition. To be good is to be happy, for the logical consequences of virtue are really embodied in that state of feeling which we call happiness.

Pleasure we may all have by fits and starts, but happiness is the heritage only of a few—not of a chosen few, but of the choosing few; of those who understand the inevitable lot associated with and following a clear conscience; who having nothing with which to reproach themselves are reproached by no one else; whose self-love is indistinguishable from love of all the race, and whose religion, whatever else it comprehends, comprehends a love of the Creator and a belief in His goodness—a belief that man made in His image must seek after goodness and all beatific qualities; that he must be good if he would be happy.

* * *

SOME rather strange errors and anachronisms are committed by newspaper writers. A New York paper recently located the Osborne House—the Isle of Wight residence of Queen Victoria—in Scotland. The same journal stated that Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, visited England and was decorated with the Order of the Garter by Henry VIII. Sigismund was Emperor from 1410 till 1437. Henry VIII. reigned from 1509 till 1547. It is therefore impossible that Sigismund could have received the Order of the Garter from him. Henry VI. was on the throne of England when Sigismund died. A Washington paper, in a recent editorial on "The Beer Business," says: "It is doubtful if the most ardent votaries know of the extreme antiquity of this beverage. Tacitus, who visited Germany at the time of Christ," &c. Christ is said to have been crucified in the year 33, under the reign of Tiberius. Tacitus was born A. D. 55, when Nero was Emperor of Rome, who was the third successor of Tiberius. It is always well to examine and compare the statements of some newspapers before you bet your money on them.

* * *

A NEW warlike appliance is about to be introduced into the British service, and will probably be known as the "hand torpedo." Like the grenades of half a century ago, they are intended to be thrown by the hand into the enemy's boats, or over parapets and stockades, but instead of being a shell exploded by a fuse, as the grenades were, they will consist entirely of gun cotton, pulped or compressed into a cake or ball of three or four pounds weight. A long cord is attached to each charge, the other end of which is connected with a kind of pistol held by the operator. The torpedo is pitched into the required position, when a touch on the trigger detonates the gun cotton, and an explosion follows such as experiment has shown to be sufficient to shatter in atoms a five-ton block of granite. One such charge, skilfully applied, would annihilate a boat's crew, and, in the hands of daring men, might work great destruction by being thrown into large ships.

* * *

CRICKET seems to be coming into popular favor. The advent of the Australian team in this country has revived the old English game. There is a great deal of skill required in cricket as well as in base ball, and in fact it is a great deal more artistic game, and requires careful playing. It does not suit the American nature, however, to spend too much time upon any game, and the quicker it is played, other things being equal, the better.

* * *

THERE is a wealth of research contained in the information in "Fashion Notes" and "Fireside Chat." Now the ladies will do wisely and well to consult its columns for hints respecting the Fall styles, costumes, recipes as to the most appetizing way of preparing dishes and dainties.

* * *

THERE is hope for the workingmen in the near future. Capital is already beginning to extend itself into manufactures, and the developing of the resources of the country. A rich country like ours is not long to remain stagnant, and its laborers are soon to profit by the new impetus to trade all over the land.

* * *

ON the summit of Mount Washington on Monday last, the temperature was fourteen degrees above zero. The ice and frost formations were very fine in exposed places. Frost feathers were one foot in length. The view was the finest of the season. Vessels in the Atlantic could be seen with the naked eye.

* * *

IT is rumored that the dreadful scourge of yellow fever is subsiding at last, and that the cooler weather in the South will completely drive out the disease. We hope this is true. In the meantime, no effort should be relaxed to assist our Southern brothers and sisters.

* * *

IT is a question whether the red man will ever be driven into the bounds of civilization. He seems more defiant than ever, and as he is perfectly at home in the wild west, it will require a great expenditure of patience and treasure to dislodge him.

* * *

WE will guarantee that the forthcoming season of the "POST" will offer to its subscribers not only a succession of fresh novelties in the paper itself, but a host of the finest premiums ever offered by any paper in the country.

* * *

NEW and original short stories by the well known writer, Charles Noel will appear in every number of the POST. In this issue we give a sketch of his entitled "A Woman's Heart."

* * *

"POMEROY ABBEY," by Mrs. Henry Wood, is a feature of the paper, and is sure to be widely read and enjoyed by all of the readers of the POST.

SANCTUM CHAT.

ONE would hardly imagine that ostriches were so valuable. The value of the feathers exported last year from South Africa, was nearly two millions of dollars, and all to serve the caprices of fashion

IN the Paris Observatory a large hall is to be fitted up as a picture gallery. On the walls, together with portraits of the most eminent statesmen, will be hung views of the moon, the planets and various celestial areas, as they appear in telescopes of the greatest power.

QUEEN VICTORIA travels sumptuously. The railway carriage which conveys Her Majesty cost $30,000. Its windows are shaded with green silk curtains, trimmed with costly white lace; its ottomans are covered with cream-colored silk, embroidered with the royal arms and monogram, in purple and gold, and a carpet which cost over $500 covers the floor.

IT is the custom in France for the bridegroom to present the bride with three dresses—a visiting dress, a traveling dress, and a reception dress. According to existing fashions the visiting dress is usually of faille, or faille and cashmere; the reception dress of Indian cashmere; and the traveling dress of the same material, only of a coarser texture.

THERE must have been something picturesque and romantic in the capture of the treasure coach of the Cheyenne and Black Hills stage line. The time was evening. The place, Canyon Springs—nearly fifty miles away from any civilized post. Two passengers were killed, two robbers wounded, and as a result of this energetic movement on the robbers, nearly twenty-five hundred dollars were secured by them.

THEY manage things strangely in Germany. The executioner of the fanatic who attempted the life of the Emperor, is now the lion of the day in Berlin. He wore full evening dress when he beheaded Hoedel, and on his breast were medals gained in the wars of 1868 and 1870. He would accept no compensation for his work—considering himself paid by the honor it afforded. Magistrates and court officers warmly shook his hand after the deed, and he was invited to many entertainments.

NOW science says that wasps' nests ignite of their own accord, if anybody wishes to know this fact. It is alleged that the frequent mysterious burning of haystacks and farmers' buildings, is owing to the spontaneous combustion of such nests. This is produced by the chemical action of the wax in contact with the paper—like substance of which the nest is composed, a comparatively small access of oxygen being sufficient to make it burst forth into a blaze.

THE Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, on Broad street, in this city, gives word that free pupils will be received in its needle-work classes, who, as they advance in proficiency, will be engaged as qualified workers. Young ladies who have a natural taste for artistic work, can find either in designing or executing patterns of natural flowers, as good a field for the needle as with the brush, and as the graceful work promises to come generally in favor, it is a kind of sewing that ought to pay, when it is well done, especially when it can be learned free.

IT is lamentable to think that gigantic crimes should be an accompaniment of what we call modern progress. Such, however, is the fact. Whither are we drifting? To a higher or a lower moral level? It is difficult to answer these questions. Legislation is necessary and punishment is necessary; but neither legislation nor punishment will uproot the evils complained of. The masses of the people must be elevated—the moral tone of all ranks and classes must be improved; and how to accomplish these ends it is the duty of every citizen to inquire. Modern civilization will be no gain to us if it not accompanied by moral transformation.

THE Chinese are awakening to a sense of the necessity for light, more light, for in a periodical published in Pekin called in their vernacular Yih Che Sin Luh, or Magazine for the Promotion of Knowledge there is a well-written and well-illustrated article on light. It is only by small degrees and after much effort that we will succeed in impressing our Celestial brethren with an idea of European and American culture. As a race they are exclusive, and no Caucasian has yet had an effect upon their supreme arrogance and their respect for ancestral opinion; but China will emerge from its darkness, and the Christian missions will do much towards making it more humane, more enlightened and more scientific.

ACCORDING to a communication made by M. Alfred Nobel to the London Society of Arts, the strength of explosives containing nitro-glycerine is exactly proportional to the amount of nitro-glycerine. If the force of nitro-glycerine be put at 100, dynamite, which has 75 per cent. of that substance, will exert a power of 74; lithofracteur, with 55 per cent. nitro-glycerine, will have the power of 53; so that the addition of charcoal, sulphur and barium nitrate is without influence in this powder. Compressed gun-cotton is equally powerful with dynamite. In general the admixture of wood, coal, sulphur, gunpowder, etc., operates to dilute the explosive force of nitro-glycerine, and also serves the purpose of rendering the transportation of the explosives less dangerous.

* * *

THE Poetry, Short Stories, Facetiæ, and general departments of this paper were never better.

OLD MAIDS.

From time immemorial every petty satirist has had his fling at old maids, and every shallowminded wife and mother has added her little budget of contempt for those of her sisters who have not found, perhaps who have not desired to find, the right man with whom to share their lives. According to them, an old maid is an old maid because she cannot help it, and has not been able to make herself a wife.

With this jibe is connected another—the utter unloveliness of old maids. Slander and spite, meanness and prying, hatred of youth, selfishness, affections rusted by disuse, the natural sweetness of her womanhood turned to gall by disappointment—and we have the typical old maid of popular acceptance. To call a woman an old maid with a sniff, is to call her all these things in a breath; and so the world understands the phrase of which it makes such cruel use.

One prominent form of old maidhood takes to platforms and public speaking, to woman's rights and men's iniquities as the best that she can do in the way of protest and self-assertion. She it is who declaims against men as the tyrants and oppressors, not the protectors and guardians of women; she who bids them affirm the absolute equality of, and likeness in power between the two sexes, and by virtue of this equality, this likeness, to take on themselves the offices and habits hitherto held distinctive to men; she who brings dissension into those married households where the husband holds that the man should be master over himself and their joint lives, and where the wife, taught by her, claims mistresshood, not only over herself and the things of her own proper sphere, but over the man, his name, his honor, and the things common to both; she who teaches mothers to despise their maternity and to find its duties both wearisome and degrading; she whose sole passion is for her own sex, and who measures her regard for both men and women in exact proportion to the exaggerated esteem in which they hold these latter. This is the old maid as seen in towns, and a fearful evidence of human perversity she is!

At the other end of the scale stands the painted, frizzed and frippery old maid, who has not learned the art of growing old, and who carries into her fiftieth year the coquettish airs and graces which she began to study before her glass in her fifteenth. She is one of those who according to their own account have been besieged all their lives by lovers and adorers, but who for some inexplicable reason have never found the man to whom they would entrust that queer mass of vanity and self love to which they give by courtesy the name of heart. Sometimes this kind of old maid goes in for infantile innocence, or she thinks the piquancy of naughtiness is more to the purpose and a better game to play on the whole. So, with her bare shoulders and her resplendent tresses, her pretence at blushing, her giggle and her coquetry, she goes through the world sometimes in the honest belief that she is admired by the men who laugh at her as they would at a performing monkey, and treat her as a ridiculous sort of marionette, the strings of which they pull and make to dance at will.

Then there is the typical old maid, the starch and sour Miss Prue, to whom, unlike her rollicking sister just spoken of with her lax morality and threadbare delicacy, most things are more or less shocking. This is the woman to whom youth is of itself something to doubt, to vilify, to depress; to whom the restlessness of childhood is naughtiness now and the prophecy of worse evil to come; to whom the vigorous energies of youth are wrongdoings, its follies vices, its mistakes crimes, its ignorance a sin; to whom the frank friendship of boy and girl is a misdemeanor, the growing love of man and maid a shame, the delights of young pleasure things which no modest girl would accept, no careful mother permit; this is the woman who passes her life in spying behind the curtain and peeping over the blind at all that passes before her window; who knows her neighbors' business better than those neighbors know it themselves; and who is the scourge of the society in which she lives, for the prying and suspicion, the slander and the gossip of which she makes herself the focus. Loveless in her own life, she denies the right of others to the joys of which she has been deprived, and would reduce the whole world of youth to the same barren condition as that wherein she fades and withers and grows sourer as she grows older; holding beauty and admiration, dress, amusement, and making love as worse than the seven deadly sins wherever found. Scandal is the breath of her nostrils, the daily bread whereby she lives; and you must cut the very heart out of her before you can cure her of this vice.

Besides the several old maids already discussed, there are others of quite different types; and of these, who so beautiful as that sweet natured, generous and loving woman, of whom one can never understand how it is that she has remained unmarried—so loving, so womanly, so born to be happy and to give happiness she is, and who seems a kind of spiritual mother to all rather than the natural parent of a few? Sharer of all joys, soother of pains, none marry or are ill, have a legacy or die, without her. She is the first person to whom the young people confide the secret of their engagement; the first to whom the distracted mother sends when her child is down with fever and she wants comfort as much as aid. Whatever goes wrong in the family, she bears her share of the trouble that ensues. Her fixed idea is that all wives and mothers are occupied from morning to night with their homes and children, while she has nothing on earth to do, and is therefore glad to be made useful. And for the most part her friends gratify her desire, and in nowise stint the burdens which it is for their pleasure or advantage that she should bear for them.

There are few people who would be more missed out of life than this old maid of large hearted, generous nature, this self-sacrificing friend, this spiritual mother of other women's children. If she makes no noise in the world, she fills a most important place both in the house and in society; and while others prate of woman's work and woman's rights, she is content to do the one and to embody the other without blare or bluster.

Of another kind is that old maid who is timid and inactive, needing direction and companionship, but afraid of men and not at home with children. The old maid of this kind is by nature only a daughter, a schoolgirl, a subordinate. For all her youth she has probably been under the control of her mother, and has come to her independence when too late to profit by it, and when long use has made it, not independence, but loneliness. She is a mental cripple whose clutch is suddenly snatched from her, and whose steps are feeble, uncertain and tottering. Fifty years of age as she is, she feels like a girl of fifteen, and she regrets her mother as much for the moral support which she gave her, as for the love that was her sole possession and her only pleasure. She knows nothing of business, and there is always something to be done in that way, wherein she is as helpless as a child, and the prey of any who choose to fasten themselves on her. This is the old maid who, as time goes on, becomes more and more eccentric, more and more shut up from the world and devoted to cats and worsted work. Her dress is a study of oddity and ugliness, and she never makes a departure from the fashions in vogue when her mother died. Too gentle to be anything but amiable, never mixing herself up with scandals or disputes, taking no part in the life of the place anyhow, for good or evil alike, she is yet practically friendless, and when people speak of her it is rather with contempt than with the pity which she merits.

Of the same type, with a difference, is the sweet and saintly old maid, to whose life love has always been a stranger, and who never, even in her youngest days, thought of marriage with anything but horror, of motherhood with anything but dread. When young she moved through the world in a stately statuesque kind of way, making the despair of all the men who loved her—perhaps the more because she was unattainable; and now when old she is the same, with just the difference between the lily when it stands up in its first young bloom, and the lily when it is drooping to its fall.

Round these original types of the manly old maid, the coquettish, the spiteful, the maternal, and the virginal, may be gathered the many varieties to be found in society. Sometimes borrowing from either side, we come upon strangely composite characters. In any case, however, we have such beautiful types of old maids as make us forgive the disagreeable and unwomanly; and when we have two things to look at, is it not the wisest plan to shut our eyes to the unpleasing, and to see only the more desirable?

* * *

The Lottery in Italy.

It is a source of large revenue to the State, which, in the present condition of Italian finance, could ill afford to be highminded. It permeates the whole existence of the poor, in whose limited horizon it discloses golden vistas, all the more dazzling for their indefiniteness. The three great events of household life, birth, marriage and death, furnish valuable numbers on which to play. A widow is rarely so utterly inconsolable for the loss of her spouse that she cannot turn him to account by risking half a franc or so on the date of his death, his birth, the number of days he was ill, and so on.

Dreams, however, are the chief source of inspiration. Some dreams are lucky; others are of the blackest omen. To play on the latter is to fly in the face of Providence. Should any numbers, but especially a magic three, occur in a dream, it were the purest perversity not to play on them. But thirteen is the numeral of the highest importance.

The system of the Lottery is that each time one plays in the Lottery he has the choice of any five numbers, from 1 to 90 inclusive, and the method employed is to put the 90 numbers into an urn, which is made to revolve. A little boy then puts in his hand and pulls out five numbers successively. This takes place in a large hall, which is always thronged with people. The numbers are called out by a clerk, each as it appears, and the news of them spreads to the crowd in the street. They are then put up in the windows of the branch offices.

The numbers are extracted on each Saturday morning in every town. It is a curious sight to see the crowd that gathers around the central office at the hour of publication. Every degree of anxiety, expectation, eager hope, is depicted on the more expressive faces. The fat, goodhumored ones have a kind of ripple of interest just breaking the surface of their stupidity. All ears are strained to catch the numbers as they travel from the hall. A quiver runs through the crowd as the moment of certainty arrives. A curious murmur compounded of various emotions—triumph, resignation, rage, breaks out as the suspense is over. Then begin recriminations, particularly on the part of the women. "I told you so," says an eager little seamstress reproachfully to a crestfallen male relative. "You never will listen to me," remarks another woman to her husband with all the resentment of unacknowledged superiority. He looks sheepish, and would like to throw the blame on fortune. But he has a vague conception of that deity, who is a long way off, while his wife is very near and very voluble. Against the hard fact of her indignation his excuses break weakly, and so he holds his tongue. Not so two sisters, who walk off quarreling violently—nor a vivacious little man, probably a barber, who gathers his five fingers into a bunch, and casts them, as he talks, into the face of his listening neighbor.

In Florence there is a society called the Brothers of Mercy. Their duties are to carry the sick or the victims of an accident to the hospital. They wear a long black garment, and a hood which covers the head and face; two holes made in the visor enable them to see. Thus attired, they have an appearance which is both highly lugubrious and picturesque; and nothing much more startling can well be imagined than to meet them with their sad burden, turning on a moonlit night out of one of the narrow streets of the City of Flowers. The effect is strongly increased by the red glare of the waxen torches they carry. When their services are needed, they are summoned from all parts of the town by the tolling of the great Duomo bell. This is also a signal for a little crowd to gather in front of the little chapel of the fraternity in the Cathedral Square. Here the brothers assemble to don their black robes and fetch the bier. Here, too, from time immemorial it has been the custom for a priest to appear and announce to the expectant crowd the nature of the accident that has occurred. A simple minded person, seeing the throng and learning why it waited, might be disposed to attribute its curiosity to humanitarian sentiments. If he only stays and listens, however, he will be rudely undeceived. The priest, with an air of utter indifference, in due time makes his appearance. Scarcely glancing at the crowd, he lifts his voice and calls out carelessly, "A suicide from a pistol shot outside the gates." A slight but distinct commotion is visible in the listeners, and a woman, turning rapidly to a neighbor, asks, "The number, then, is forty-eight?" And on that suicide from a pistol shot they all go off to play at the lottery, for on certain numbers associated with certain events, such as selfdestruction, murder, and the like, is supposed to depend the greatest luck.

Up to a period which is still in some men's memories, guards had to be stationed nightly around the new graves in Tuscan cemeteries. For the people had a custom of a horrible and ghoulish grotesqueness, from which no representations served to turn them. They went in groups of two or three, after dark, to dig up any recently buried corpse, which they then decapitated and put back into its desecrated grave. The head was carried home and the brains were picked out of the skull. This was dropped into a cauldron of boiling water, with a number of little wooden balls, on which were the lottery numbers. As the water seethed and boiled, the balls danced up and down. Their motions were eagerly watched by the seekers of fate. Those balls which finally gathered closest around the skull were held to be lucky beyond their fellows, and the numbers they furnished were in due time played on.

The Tuscans have a legend concerning the origin of the Lottery which embodies, we may presume, the bitter feelings of the unlucky. It is related that, in that marvellous and distant epoch which is known as "Once upon a time," a humpback who had been very wicked, was condemned to have his head cut off. He had rebelled against the sentence in vain, and the hour of execution drew near. Already the guards had surrounded him, and the captain had drawn his sword. Then the dwarf had a sudden inspiration, and begged so earnestly to be taken once more before the king, that the guards at last consented. At the foot of the throne the humpback prostrated himself and declared that he had made a discovery which would be as precious to rulers as pernicious to the ruled. He would state it in exchange for his life. The prospect thus opened before the king was more than any monarch of those days could be expected to resist. The trembling dwarf, commanded to speak quickly, proceeded to explain in detail the scheme of the lottery. Its advantages were not long in penetrating to the royal mind. The courtiers also approved, for each hoped to be lucky. The humpback was graciously pardoned, was loaded with favors, and was accorded the privilege of cutting off with his own hand the heads of all the people condemned thenceforth to death in the kingdom.

* * *

Some Physiological Errors.

One of the most notable examples of popular delusions regarding bodily structure and functions is illustrated by the belief that the third finger was selected as the bearer of the wedding ring because a particular nerve placed this member in direct communication with the heart. Over and over again has this belief been expressed, and in the belief is found an apparently satisfactory reason why the third finger is thus honored. The slightest acquaintance with physiological science, however, shows that the supposition referred to has not even a germ of probability to show on its behalf.

Equally curious and erroneous beliefs intrude themselves into the domain of medicine and surgery. Thus for instance it is a matter of ordinary belief that a cut in the space which separates the thumb from the forefinger is of necessity a most dangerous injury. The popular notion regarding this region is that an injury inflicted there is singularly liable to be followed by tetanus or lockjaw. There exist not the slightest reasons for this supposition. Lockjaw, it is true, might follow an injury to this part of the hand, as it might supervene after a hurt to one of the fingers. But physiology and medicine alike emphatically dispel the notion that any peculiarity of structure which might predispose to the affection just named exists chiefly in the region of the thumb.

A very common idea, but one founded on no certain or feasible grounds, is that which maintains that our bodies undergo a complete change or renewal of all their parts every seven years. The "mystical" nature of the number seven has had an unquestionable effect in originating this opinion; and, although the age of fourteen and again that of twenty-one may be regarded as marking the attainment of youth and manhood or womanhood respectively, yet, physiology gives no countenance to the popular opinion that of necessity these periods are those of sweeping bodily change. On the contrary, it might be shown that the periods at which full growth of body is attained vary with climate, race and constitution—that is, with the personal nature and with the physical surroundings of individuals, communities and nations.

No part of the body of a living being is free from these changes of substance, through which indeed every act of life is carried on. Every movement of a muscle—the winking of the eyelid or the lifting of a finger—implies waste of the organs and parts which move. The thinking of a thought implies wear and tear of the organ that thinks—the brain itself. Were it possible to spend existence even in a perfectly still and rigid condition, there are still actions to be performed which are necessary to the maintenance of life, and which necessitate continual waste and wear of the tissues. Thus the beating of the heart, the movements of our chest as we breathe, and the very act of receiving and digesting food—actions which are in themselves connected with the repair of the frame—can only be performed through the intervention of processes of work, and consequent waste of body. So that a living being is to be regarded as passing its existence in a constant state of change. Its particles are being continually wasted and as incessantly renewed; and although the growth of our bodies may be said to culminate at certain periods of our life, yet it is anything but correct to say that there are marked epochs of change in human existence.

In connection with the exercise of our several senses there are not a few points upon which popular ideas stand in need of correction. When we speak of "seeing" or "hearing," the exercise of these, or indeed any other of our senses, is usually referred to the organ concerned—eye, ear, nose or tongue, as the case may be. A little consideration, however, will show us that we make a very grievous mistake in referring the act of perception or sensation to the organ itself. We may in the first place "will" to touch the object in question; the act of "volition," as it is termed, originating in the brain, being transformed into nerve force, and being further directed along the particular nerves which supply the muscles of one finger, or along those which supply all the fingers. The muscles are thus stimulated to action, and through their agency the fingers are brought into contact with the desired objects.

Leaving the sense of sight out of consideration for a moment, we know that we can through the sense of touch gain ideas regarding the form, size, hardness and other qualities of the object. Our nervous system is in this way bringing us into relations with the outer world, and especially with that portion of it represented by the object we have touched. But how have we gained our knowledge? The reply to this question leads us at once to perceive that the tips of the fingers do not represent the seat of knowledge. And a further consideration makes it equally clear that the brain must be credited not only with the task of perceiving, but also with that of appreciating what has been perceived. Hence we are forced to conclude that as the first nervous impulse shot from the brain through the nerves to the fingers, so a second impulse has passed from the fingers to the brain. Our sense of touch has given origin to a subtle force which has passed upwards to the brain, and has there become transformed—through a mechanism of the workings of which we know as yet absolutely nothing—into perception and thought. Similarly with the work of the eye, of the ear, and of other senses. Thus, when we talk of seeing or hearing, we are in reality speaking of the act of the brain, not of the eye or ear, which are merely the gateways through which the brain obtains its knowledge.

The entire subject of physiological errors teems with valuable applications, but with none more practical or worthy of remark than that which would insist on the advantages, in the ruling wisely of our lives, to be derived from even an elementary acquaintance—such as should be included in the curriculum of every school—with the science of life.

* * *

Whole districts are gradually worn by the action of the sea on their coasts. The sites of ancient towns have been in some instances swallowed up. The port of Ravensford, England, celebrated in the time of Edward II., is now quite destroyed. It is probable that the Orkney and Shetland Islands were once a part of Great Britain, and that Great Britain itself was once united to the coast of France, and even America to the eastern continent. In the thirteenth century the island of Nordstrand, on the coast of Schleswig, was fifty miles long by thirty-five broad, and at the end of the seventeenth century it was reduced to twenty miles in circumference. The natural causes, part of the effect of which is here noted, are gradually bringing the debris of the mountains into the plains and the sea, where under the tremendous pressure of water averaging from six to nine miles in depth, they are gradually consolidated into hard rock. An illustration of the pressure at great depths in the ocean was once furnished by a whale, struck with a harpoon, sinking to an enormous depth, dragging a boat with him. When the boat was hauled to the surface, it was found that its wood had been compressed until it was as solid as iron, and would not float.

* * *

The loud tones in which some people appeal to reason imply that reason is a great distance from them.

LOVERS' VOWS.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE.

A fair September night,
When Dian's silver light
In Shade's strange loom weaves webs for lovers' eyes,
While they stand by the beam,
And, in a waking dream,
E'en think their hue surpasses Tyrian dyes.

"By yon bright orb," he cries,
"That now sails through the skies,
I swear I love thee of all maids the first."
"Swear not by that," she said,
And blushing hung her head;
"Of all that's false, the moon's by far the worst.

"She's always changing, sweet!
Nay, nay, it were not meet
That you of those should choose the fickleest one.
Vow e'en by ruddy Mars,
Or others of the stars,
For they at least are faithful as the sun.

"But—I could best believe
You ne'er meant to deceive,
If—" Here her face sought shelter on his "wing"—
"You swore by Saturn, dear,
Because, from what I hear,
That planet is attended by a 'ring.'"

SYLVIA

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

At this repulse I stepped back aghast for a moment, till Jessa's words returned to me—"all my courage and tenderness would be required of me"—and then I took new courage. The room was close; I unlatched the heavy stained-glass window, and the afternoon sun slanted in on us, and sounds of reapers in "the happy autumn fields" floated in on the soft west wind. The fresh air roused him. He staggered dizzily to his feet, cast on me one bewildering glance, and, throwing himself into a chair, groaned aloud.

Pale and silent I knelt beside him. My hand just touched the arm of his chair. My heart was very heavy. For my life I could not have spoken one word of tenderness, though he looked so ill; his great black eyes had flashed on me such a terrible glance.

After a while he stirred, and became conscious that I was beside him. His hand felt for my bent head, and I looked up slowly into his face.

"Speak, Denis," I said, after a long silence. "Tell me what you fear. I do not understand."

"No, no!" he muttered almost inarticulately, moving his head restlessly from side to side. He took away his arm, rose stiffly to his feet, and began to walk unsteadily up and down the room. "Fear! What do I fear?" he repeated in the same smothered tones. "I fear a gloomy perspective is opening out before us, if that she-devil speaks the truth."

He wandered aimlessly about, looked out of each window, then stood rooted to one spot, and stared at an object which always hung opposite to the writing table.

"Denis, my love, do not look so strange. See, Denis, have you forgotten me again? It is I who speaks to you. Look, dear—I, your wife. Oh, Heaven, only a week ago to-day!"

"A week!" he cried. "I should have waited longer. Seven short days too late! You, beautiful, enticing—stay I think I am raving. Sylvia, or Jessa has made me drunk. The woman may be a liar after all. She looked like one. She is perhaps only a close likeness. Yes, there may be a fraud there too. I have been thinking about Arnaud du Tihl—you know the story, and remember Lesurques, the Lyons courier; both of these men were almost reproductions in appearance of other men. This story will bear sifting. Better believe in bare possibilities than in such monstrous injustice, as it would be if this were true. In the meantime I'll hang a curtain before that, and lock up the library."

His voice, hoarse and eager, dropped continually, more as if he were communing with himself than addressing consecutive sentences to me. Again he looked towards a large centuries-old genealogical tree towards which his eyes perpetually wandered. He went up to it now, and stood considering it, pulling his beard meditatively, as if he had forgotten everything else. Slowly a dim, dreadful perception of his meaning dawned upon me.

If this so-called Mrs. Halse was my mother, he feared in me a dishonorable connection. Disgrace, and brought into the family by me—this was the fear which had prostrated him and left me untouched, which gave such horror to his glance, which had made him repulse me, which now seemed robbing him of his reason. How often he had discussed his unstained lineage, the men *sans peur*, the women *sans reproche!* How scrupulously exact he had been to ascertain as far as possible that my line of birth was uncrossed! I yet remembered his haughty contempt of even a royal bar sinister on many a proud escutcheon; and once more recurred to me that never-forgotten and never-to-be-forgotten conversation on the day that I asked for Alice Grant as my bridesmaid. I recollected every word, and every word was a sting now.

"Is that your dread?"

Did I say those slow whispered words? Was it I that was cold, so stiff, that the very life blood was chilled, and life seemed changing to stone? I put my hands to my temples; my eyes were dim and strained as I looked at him.

"Oh, Heaven, that this week could be blotted out! Was I born only to bring disgrace on you? Oh that I might die this minute at your feet, Denis!"

As I knelt to him in an anguish of sorrow and remorse, he sprang forward, lifted me from the ground, and covered my face, hair, and hands with passionate kisses. For a few moments I suffered this, and then I drew myself away from him.

"Let me go—I—I have much to think of."

* * * * *

When once Denis roused himself from the frenzy of grief and rage caused by our ominous visitor, he acted with the cool self control which might have been predicted of him. He took entire possession of my trouble; he broke down my despair by his tenderness; his considerateness moved me to tears. Then the icy horror and remorse flowed away, and my dependence on him became what it was before. The dreaded subject was tabooed, there would be time to discuss it when what had been claimed had been proved to be true. He would not tell me what Mrs. Halse's papers revealed; they might be forgeries, or cleverly adapted documents relating to another case, and unnecessary for me to hear of at all further. He entreated me to let a few more hours pass as if this fright had never assailed us. Happiness was not in our hands, but such knowledge would give me certain pain.

I agreed to this as a glad respite, and determined to join him in putting aside all sad things. I think a feverish notion possessed us both that we should make the best of the last of our happy hours. How careful I was about my toilet—how anxious to look my best! How my heart bounded at every loving look and word! And, ah, how kind he was! Yes, he never loved me better than when his whole happiness was threatened through me.

CHAPTER IX.

The morning succeeding the visit of Mrs. Halse brought a letter from my aunt. To my mind it proved conclusively that Mrs. Halse was my mother. It was written in great and evident distress, and nervous fear of its effects on my husband and myself; but Mrs. Escombe completely identified Mrs. Halse with the lady she had met my father with in Florence, and whom he had introduced as his wife.

The letter was otherwise full of sorrow, hopes, fears, doubts, and conjectures—but they were nothing to us; the point of real importance at that moment, the only point out of the dead past which affected our happiness, was my parentage, and that it established. Mrs. Halse was my father's widow, and the mother of that year old babe which she had caused Jessa to exhibit to Mrs. Escombe when Lionel Crawford brought his sister to the temporary lodgings they had occupied during their short stay in Florence.

What now remained for us to do? Admit the claim, but keep aloof from the claimant, and to all appearance let this thing be as if it had no existence, and stifle doubts, fears, and misgivings in silence and secrecy; or take the family solicitor into confidence, rake over the ashes of the past, uncover what was hidden—too probably because it would not bear the light—and let all whom it concerned, or did not concern, know that after fourteen years' silence my mother was a living presence among us.

True to his word, my husband determined not to let the matter rest. "I have been blindfolded too long," he said bitterly; "now I will learn everything." And then he disclosed his intentions. He would himself visit I——, a small sequestered spot a few miles out of Venice, where I was born, and where my father passed his married life; he would trace his life there, would re-examine the papers he had left, and one or two parish-registers of the little Protestant church; he would also devote himself to following Mrs. Halse's career since the separation. Then came a blow when I discovered that all these inquiries were to be made by him alone; I was to remain in England and have no part in them, while he pursued his toilsome search with no one near to share the burden or assuage the pain.

I did my utmost to combat this resolve, but in vain. He wrote to my aunt, enjoining the strictest silence for the present, and begging her to come to Beechwood and remain with me during his absence. She agreed to this, though she was in very weak health; and on the day appointed for her arrival he set out for Italy.

Thus our honeymoon had scarcely more than the quarter. I watched him from the hall door till the trees hid him, and then rushed to my room and looked from its lofty window, scarcely breathing while he was in sight, even as a dark speck on the road; and when he had faded utterly I turned away, feeling that another—and that the fairest—chapter of my life was finished.

As it happened, things turned out more unfortunately than could have been foreseen. My poor aunt slipped while descending the house steps to enter the carriage which was to bring her to me, and sprained her ankle. This accelerated the nervous prostration she had been in since the shock of Mrs. Halse's reappearance, and caused her physician to insist on her remaining at home and keeping her room, from which the most tender and doleful notes were daily issued, imploring me to come to her since she was prevented from coming to me; in case I refused, of writing to Lady Fernley and sending her to me during Denis's absence—a threat which never troubled me, as I knew well that she would never gainsay any earnest wish to which I chose to give expression.

So I was quite alone. It was a hard trial to subject a bride of a week to—those three week's separation—and, if it was a mistake of Denis's, he was more foolish still when he left Jessa with me—Jessa, who loved me as her own child, who had no one else to love, whose passions were vehement and headstrong, and who was jealous for the happiness of her darling, and outspoken as no English dependent would ever be. She knew what threatened our peace, and why Mr. Fernley had left me; but her dark eyes blazed and her cheeks were livid at the thought of his leaving me in a large lonely house, surrounded only by servants.

In almost every letter he reiterated his desire that his mother should have no intimation of his journey, and that I should keep quiet, and on no account leave the grounds, or have any communication with any one out of the house. I obeyed him strictly and unmurmuringly, but I could ill endure the looks of covert curiosity and pity from the servants; and, when I chid Jessa for her ungovernable and unsparing blame of my husband, I left myself quite alone with my sad thoughts. So the woman who would have laid down her life for me planted the first seeds of discord, displaced my first full unhesitating faith in my husband's love and larger wisdom, and in its stead raised a sense of cruel desertion, and doubt whether his quick sensitiveness as to dishonor was not overweening, and whether it should have stood any comparison with his love.

It was a time of miserable suspense. The weather changed with our hopes, and was wretched, cold, wet, and foggy—it was truly a "chill October." The dense mist lay close to the level ground—such fog I had never seen before. It was impossible to walk in the swampy grounds, and I was kept perforce to the house. Books gave me no solace; I was too restless for their soothing. I tried music once, and once only; I started back like Fear, "e'en at the sound himself had made."

What a mockery of woe and of joy were my school-room nocturnes, caprices, and fantasias! They were all I knew of music then, and I had no heart to sing. My list of accomplishments was small, and not one was any relief to me at this crisis. Denis's short letters never gave me any information about his discoveries; they consisted chiefly of expressions of attachment. I spent my time in replying to them, mournfully sauntering about the house, and hurrying away at the approach of any of the servants.

I brooded day and night over my trouble. Some sad mystery was in the past, but I had promised not to discuss it till Denis's return, and therefore could not even question Jessa. Everything must wait till Denis returned to tell me if there was anything in the past for which as a child and wife I need blush and fear.

When he turned his back on I——, he travelled home with great speed. I had not expected him till a day later than that on which he arrived, and, when he drove up at last, I had taken advantage of a few gleams of sunshine to leave the house, which had been a dismal place since his departure. I wandered through the swampy grounds, and reached a little private chapel belonging to Beechwood. It was a tiny place smothered in ivy—only the belfry was bare of it, and the narrow windows where it had been clipped away. I had a key of the chapel, and went in. It was cold and dark; a faint mildew-smell prevailed; the oak benches and high pews, and the harmonium on which I had played to Denis, looked dim with damp.

Shivering in the chilly atmosphere, so much colder than that of the park, owing to the confined air, I drew my fur jacket closer, went to my own seat, and, sitting down, opened the big old red lettered Book of Common Prayer before me—a book which many a past Fernley had turned over in his time.

From many causes I believe that the mind is capable of reproducing certain images which must have been reflected there before it was sufficiently developed to grasp their meaning or maintain it, and that those images may retire and lurk in its recesses till needed, when they spring from obscurity to the surface, and become motive powers. It was so now—something of which I could have no matured memory came through many years and reproduced itself.

That old book carried me back to my childhood in Italy, when I had spelt in just such another by my father's side—when the long *s*'s had presented insuperable difficulties, and when I used to spend my time in the little Protestant church on Sundays in staring at the zealous but eccentric clergyman. Those early days crowded fast on my memory—I saw my tall soldierly father, and, clinging to his fingers, his little orphan, "his motherless Sylvie."

It was strange! For the moment my ears renewed the very echo of my long-dead father's tones. "My orphan-girl, my motherless Sylvie!"—the words yet floated in the air.

He used to speak so—I felt certain of it. I pushed back my hair from my ears. A thought struck me. I sprang to my feet, and then the warm throbbing blood, which made me feel like a pythoness writhing with some strong, subtle power, subsided; though itself grew chilled as I found that my husband stood silently behind me, with the same look, only intensified, which I had seen shadowed on his face on the day that Mrs. Halse came. Was supernatural memory false then? Without speaking I sank down upon the seat again, and he stepped inside the pew and sat down beside me. He did not speak or kiss me—perhaps the sacredness of the place prevented him, though surely our love too was sacred—but he looked drearily round with tired eyes, and then they fell upon the book open before us. I laid my hand hastily over the page—an instinct made me ashamed of his seeing it, for it was part of the Marriage Service, and I did not like to remind him then of our mutual vows.

So much bitter wisdom had I gained through continual thought and Jessa's hints that I could read his mind now very clearly. He was involuntarily shrinking from one who had brought the first taint of shame into his life.

He laid his hand upon mine, still holding it on the book, and turned towards me. My heart beat heavily as I sat with downcast eyes, till a pale sunbeam won its way through the gloom, and fell upon our two hands; then I lifted my eyes bravely to his.

"You have had bad news, I see—tell me it here.'

"And thus"—with a glance at our clasped hands.

"Yes—afterwards I shall pray——"

"That the parents' sins shall not be visited on the children?" he asked, with a broken voice.

"That my misfortune may not injure you," I replied.

"Sylvia," he murmured.

I couldnot meet his look. Turning away, I plucked at the cushioned seat, adding hurriedly:

"I understand better now, Denis. You have already regretted our marriage. Do not blame yourself. You can no more help showing that regret than you can help feeling it, and of course I must see it too.

"You are dearer to me than life, Sylvia."

"But not honor, Denis."

"This is a terrible grief which has overtaken us—I cannot deny that," he said, after a pause, turning my cold face towards him; "but you cannot believe that I am so unjust as to invest you with any shadow of blame? Our lots, our lives are inseparable. My honor is yours, your mine. Do not speak again as if I feel this trouble more for myself than for you."

"I know you are very just," I returned, sighing heavily; "but now will you tell me all that I ought to know?"

"And then let us bury all that is possible for ever," he added. "It shall remain unspoken of even between ourselves—unknown to any one else."

I looked steadily into his face, and caught his hand fast.

"My mother lives?" I asked.

His face slowly whitened; he bit his lip, then drew a long breath, and said in a low concentrated voice, which grew hoarser with every word, and which was scarcely louder than a whisper:

"You have seen her—an unchaste, abandoned woman—driven from your father's hearth, and bringing wretchedness and punishment to every creature with whom she comes in contact."

He got up, stood motionless for a few moments, and then turned on me with wild fury.

"Hate, loathe your mother's very name—deny her a thought, a prayer, save that she may repent and die! And here on this spot, before this book, renew your vow of obedience to me. By that law which bids you forsake mother and father for your husband I bid you swear to hold no communication with her, to bring me her letters if she ever dares to send you any, and by your wish never to look upon her face again. Swear, Sylvia—swear, I say!" He pushed me on to my knees on the hassock before me, and held my arm in a cruel grasp, his eyes flashing with strange fire as he looked wildly at me.

"Have mercy, Denis! Is she a fiend that you speak so of her?" I gasped, shuddering.

"She is a devil!" he said savagely. "I cannot even describe her character to my wife."

"And her daughter you should remember!" I cried suddenly, rising, half beside myself with the agony of shame—shame for my mother and husband too—for till that moment he had never forgotten his or my dignity. "If she is all you say, you might still remember she was my father's wife, and speak less coarsely and harshly of her to me."

"Might remember—might remember! As if I shall ever forget!" he exclaimed, looking blankly at me. "I shall no more forget your relationship to her than what these three weeks have told me."

Great beads of perspiration stood upon his forehead; he got up and paced the tiny aisle; then he came back and took both my hands.

"You are a pure innocent girl," he said, deliberately. "I have frightened you, but given you an insight into the agony it cost me even to associate dishonor like your mother's with my family. If you feel inclined to consider me harsh to her, just try to imagine how her conduct tortured your father. I have spoken cruelly, you think, but it is not in my nature to view such things with toleration. Let us drop the subject. It has already cost us a sad parting, a bitter absence, a strange, unreal meeting, but we will try to forget—shall we, Sylvia?"

"Have patience with me then," I pleaded tremulously. "Give me a little longer before I turn my back on that mother who I am only just certain still exists."

He dropped my hands and stood before me, and I broke down utterly.

"I cannot help making you angry," I sobbed wretchedly, clasping and unclasping my hands. "I shall obey you—I believe every word you say—but, Denis, I never expected anything so dreadful as this. Give me a grain of comfort—tell me some good thing, however slight, about my mother. You must have heard some one mention her gently; she cannot be altogether bad. My father loved her once; and you were deeply touched by her letters. Perhaps she—she would not have erred, dear, if she had not lost her child. She came to me at once. Ah, my husband, if you have nothing to tell me about her but what is shameful, my heart will break!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Love or Friendship?

BY JULIUS COMBE.

A sultry summers evening, with the last roseate tints departing unwillingly from the fleecy clouds scattered over the heavens; the pale stars faintly twinkling here and there in the gradually deepening blue; not the faintest breeze to stir the leaves of the trees.

Slowly among the drooping flowers in a garden sauntered two figures—the tall, stalwart form of a man, and the slight, graceful one of a girl, both in the flush of youth, health and beauty.

For some time their feet pressed the soft turf, tracing and retracing their footsteps; and then, stopping suddenly, the girl raised her face, and looked at her companion with wistful eyes.

"Maurice," she said in a low, sweet voice, "are you contented? Are you happy and satisfied?"

"Yes, darling. Why?"

"Because, when I see the way in which you look at me sometimes, I feel as if it is not fair, and that I do not give you enough in return for your love. I like you, and respect you, as I do no one else; but I know I do not feel towards you as you do to me. I cannot understand the kind of affection you bestow on me, but it is very different from mine for you. I wonder that you are satisfied."

The young man's tone was grave as he replied:

"Nita, you have told me there is no other you prefer to me. That is true?"

"Indeed it is."

"Then I am more than content; but it is getting damp, love; you must not stay out any longer. Yet one thing more I want to say before we go in. You know my friend, Warne Chester, was to come and stay with us at Elmsland Park; he is coming down next week, and, of course, I shall bring him up here, with your mother's permission, to introduce him to you and your sisters."

"I shall be sure to like him. He must be nice or he would not be a friend of yours."

A little longer and they went into the house—to the light and brightness and merry voices, ready with jests at their expense, to which Maurice gave laughing rejoinders, while fleeting blushes sprang into Nita's cheek. Juanita, her name was, for her mother, who was Italian, had called this one daughter after a friend in her native Italy.

Warne Chester made his appearance on the day appointed, and was received affectionately by his friend, Maurice Woodford, and cordially by the latter's parents, who were always ready to give a warm welcome to any friend of his.

The time glided away, and Warne was introduced to Juanita and her family, and became on very good terms with them all before the period of his return to town arrived.

It was the last night of his visit, and the two young men sat by the open window of Warne's room, smoking and indulging in a confidential chat, long after the other members of the household had retired to rest.

"And now, Warne," said Maurice, "after a fortnight's acquaintance, tell me what you think of Juanita."

The other puffed away in silence for a few minutes.

"She is handsome," he said at last, slowly, and it seemed with reluctance.

"Is that all?" said Maurice, disappointed. "Do you think she is nothing more than that?"

"Seems a very nice, lady-like girl."

"I am sorry you don't seem to like her," said Maurice, presently. "I counted on your sympathy."

"You have it," returned Warne, leaning forward suddenly and laying his hand with an affectionate pressure on the other's knee. "Maurice, old fellow, I think she is all, and more than all, that you described her. I hope, nay, I am sure, that you will be very happy."

Their hands met in a silent grasp, and both were thoughtful for a time.

"But why don't you follow my example, Chester?" said Maurice, suddenly. "Come, confess, old fellow, you don't leave here as whole hearted as when you came?"

A sudden dark flush, scarcely perceptible in the moonlight, mounted to Warne Chester's forehead; and, throwing the end of his cigar from the window, he rose hastily.

"Every one is not as susceptible as you are," he said, lightly; "and now, if you have no objection, I am going to bed."

"I take the hint, and am off. Good night."

And thus they parted.

Autumn came and went, and winter found the Eversleighs in London, Nita and her sisters thoroughly enjoying the excitement and gaiety of town life, after the long, quiet months passed in the country.

Maurice Woodford was in town too, staying with his friend, and in consequence Warne often met the Eversleighs. He had always strongly resisted Maurice's desire to make them better acquainted, but one memorable evening he stood looking doubtfully at a card of invitation to a ball, which had lain on his table some days. Should he go or should he not? They—*she*—would be there.

For some time he stood irresolute, but eventually he decided that just this once he would go, and then he would see the Eversleighs no more.

Nita and her sisters were there; he singled them out almost as soon as he entered the room, and his heart gave a wild throb of joy, which feeling was changed to one of pain, almost of remorse, as his eyes, roaming round in search of familiar faces, fell upon Maurice Woodford, flushed and smiling.

"How happy he looks!" thought Warne; and he sighed.

Then his glance returned to Juanita, and a temptation with which he had struggled long, and that he had vanquished for a time, returned with redoubled force. He stood for a second hesitating, and then his mind was made up.

"I will do it," he said to himself. "I will know to-night whether she returns my love. Why should I consider Maurice? He has everything—I nothing."

For some time Nita saw nothing of him, and, in spite of herself, she could not help wondering whether he was keeping out of her way on purpose, when, as she was seated, after a waltz with Maurice, who had left her unwillingly to seek his next partner, a voice addressing her made her raise her head.

Her eyes fell again directly before the earnest gaze they encountered, and the bright color mounted to her cheek.

"Surely, Miss Eversleigh," said Warne, "you do not attempt to sit through this dance. May I have the pleasure?"

She refused at first, but her resolution melted as he begged her to change her mind, and she was soon whirling with him smoothly and lightly.

At last she said "Stop," and he gave her his arm to lead her to a seat.

"Let us go in here," as the door of the conservatory displayed a vista of cool green leaves and dropping waters. They entered and sat down side by side.

Almost his first words were:

"I cannot help it, Miss Eversleigh—I must speak. Nita, I should never have dared to say what I have said to you, if I had not felt sure that you did not love Maurice Woodford—that your heart was still in your own keeping, to give where you would. Tell me, was I right?"

Juanita raised her eyes to his just for a brief minute, but it was long enough for him to see in their dark depths what made him draw her to his breast.

For an instant she allowed her head to rest there, and then started from him, and, rising to her feet, looked wildly at him.

"Oh, what have I done—what have I done?" And she pressed her hands to her eyes, before confronting him, pale and calm. "You forget, Mr. Chester, that I am engaged to Maurice Woodford. Will you take me back to my friends?"

He obeyed without a word. The conviction that she did return his love filled him with gladness, and there was no room for any other thought in his mind.

After the party had broken up and he had returned home, Warne paced his room that night a long while before he went to bed, his thoughts in a whirl; but one reflection felt through all—Juanita loved him! She might possibly be his yet. But Maurice? He had wronged him and deserved his contempt.

At last, however, his ideas began to take a defined shape. He would do what he could to atone for his fault.

It would be best to go away, that there might be no fear of the temptation being repeated—the farther away the better. And then, perhaps, years hence, when he could see her Maurice's wife without a pang, he might return to England.

He told no one of his intention, and a fortnight later he was on board a steamer starting from Marseilles and bound for Singapore.

He had written to Maurice from Marseilles, but not a word as to why he went.

Ere five weeks had passed Warne Chester was in Singapore, to find his uncle had just died, and his hopes in that quarter doomed to disappointment.

This was followed by such a depression of spirits that he was soon raving in the height of a dangerous fever, the same that had concluded the old and worn out life, and that now struggled for the victory over the young and vigorous one, which had not yet seen twenty-five summers.

His attendant was an old Malay woman, who had faithfully nursed his uncle; but her kindness received no gratitude from Warne, who was unconscious of everything for a period, till one day he opened his eyes, for them to fall on Maurice Woodford, sitting by the bedside, with his face hidden in his hands.

"Was he really Maurice?" he wondered, or was it but another phantom of the brain, like the many shadowy forms that haunted him of late!

This doubt was put to flight by Maurice's raising his head to look at him, and starting violently at seeing the hollow, dark eyes fixed on him, with the light of reason in them.

"Warne!" he said, softly.

"Maurice, can it be you, and here?"

"Warne," Maurice replied quietly, "I know all. She told me how it was as soon as you were gone. I understood you then. I followed you out by the next steamer, for I thought perhaps a letter might not bring you. My dear old boy, I cannot tell you how glad I am I came."

There was a pause, during which their eyes met in a look which spoke as well as words.

"And I give her up to you; for she loves you," said Maurice, softly. "You must be quick and get well and come back to her."

"And you?" asked Warne, faintly.

"Oh, never mind me," said Maurice, hastily. "I care for you both too much to find my own happiness in your misery."

"Like you, Maurice; but it's no good. Say you forgive—everything; it's all over—for me—now."

A sudden thrill of dread shot through the other's heart; and he started up and bent over him anxiously.

Yes, it must be so. It would soon be all over, as he had said. He sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Oh, Warne, Warne!"

A slight pressure from the hand was all that told him that his cry was heard, and ere long Maurice knelt by the bed—alone.

* * * * *

He wrote to Juanita on his return to England, to break the news to her, he felt that he could not do it personally, and see the agony of grief she must feel for another, as she never would have done for him. When he did see her, there was a restraint between them that neither could shake off.

For two years he kept silence, seeing her seldom, and then he spoke.

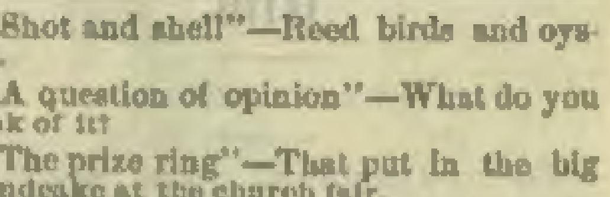
"Nita," he said, "I love you more than ever I did in the old days, when we were so happy. Can you not give me as much of your heart as you did then?"

"More, far more," was the answer. "Maurice, I thought my heart was broken two years ago; but it has healed again, and is all yours if you want it."

He caught her to his breast, and in that moment all that he had suffered—his self-sacrifice and the weary waiting—were more than repaid.

In Rimouski Quebec, some of the people gather their harvests with sickles, handrakes, and one horse carts. The old-fashioned wooden plough is still used in places, drawn by oxen, and sometimes an ox will be found broken in to draw a cart. It was from this part of country that less than a generation ago a member of Parliament was elected who put in his appearance on the first day of the session in a traineau, or low sledge, drawn by one horse, having with him a firkin of butter, a barrel of pork, and other stores. He was under the impression that the Queen would furnish him with a room at the house, and he intended to do his own housekeeping.

The annual pilgrimage to Mecca will soon be made, and devout Mohammedans are preparing for the journey, or are already on the way. One hundred thousand is the average number yearly joining in the pilgrimage, and among them are Hindoos, Malays, Persians, Turks, Arabs, negroes, and men from the Barbary States. The French Goverment endeavors to prevent the departures of Algerines on account of the cholera that they sometimes bring back with them, but the faithful evade the interdiction by going first to Tunis or Mogocco ostensibly for some other business. The pilgrims always travel in large bodies, as they are often attacked by Bedouin hordes of the Harb mountains.



"Shot and shell"—Reed birds and oysters.

"A question of opinion"—What do you think of it?

"The prize ring"—That put in the big poundcake at the church fair.

"A plaster cast"—Slinging the Italian's mantel ornaments out the window.

You may very properly take a man's word, but do not steal his dictionary.

About the sweetest things in ladies' dresses this season is the woman herself.

The doctors' summer friends, watermelons and cucumbers, have bidden him good-bye.

To the impecunious it may be mentioned that they can generally get "tick" from a clock in good order.

Talking of Washington, the most interesting part of the National Capital is that contained in the Treasury vaults.

Psychologists say that the emotion of fear was unknown on earth until man was married and had a mother-in-law.

The difference between "yarns" generally and woolen yarns is, that the latter are accustomed to shrink, while the former stretch fearfully.

The colder water has now made it unnecessary for the small boy to contrast the relative attractiveness of going to school, or "bagging it" and spending the day in swimming.

This is the oyster season, and as so many people were half roasted the past summer, there seems a sort of historical aptness in remembering that Job was once served up "boiled."

A number of editors in this country who live, journalistically, by their scissors, are thinking of petitioning Congress to abolish the seventh commandment. They believe it to be unnecessary.

It was utterly impossible for the ancient Greeks to swear in their language, as we understand the custom in the present. This is all the more singular, as mules were one of the most common quadrupeds known to them.

A cotemporary says a Chinaman in England is translating Shakspeare into his native language. If this is so, they'll now perhaps print something on their firecrackers and tea chests that people can understand.

The short, brief life of the fly is full of suggestions to the soul of man. Happy and brisk in the bright summer days, the waning year sees it only too often point a moral in the cream pitcher and adorn the tale of the butter.

The practice of the association of ideas is one of the best means possible for strengthening the memory. Thus by a simple effort of recollection one can recall the appearance of water by remembering it looks like gin, and vice versa.

When a wife gives her husband a city letter to post and she hears nothing from it for a couple of months, she doesn't praise the regularity of the mails—that is, the regularity with which such males always forget about dropping it in the box.

This is the tomato catsup period, when the good housewife, through the occasional misfortunes of overboiling, burning her fingers, and the like, almost wishes that she could use a little of the old man's profanity, as she sometimes does his boots.

It is proof of a clear conscience and an honest man to bear the head up and look the world bravely in the face. Too great persistence in this respect, however, is apt to be inconvenient in wandering around the backyard while the clothes lines are strung up taut.

The lover of former days would go to the war and kill any number of rivals at the behest of his lady-love, but this, though superior in romance, hardly beats the courage of the modern, who will wait shivering on a corner for his girl till his legs and arms are stiff as the lamppost he leans against.

It is not likely that the microphone will ever become popular. It does beyond a doubt considerably assist the ear, but so long as walls are thin and back-sheds convenient, the woman of the period, as regards full information concerning the family next door who fight with each other, will hardly need its assistance.

In many parts of China and Japan the entrances to the houses are made of mats and cloths. With the gradual adoption, however, of the appliances of the civilized nations, it is more than likely that the Celestial of the future will know how satisfying to the æsthetic and material nature it is to grope for something at midnight, and have a closet or other door bang him on the nose.

Nature has good reasons for so arranging woman that the ability to throw accurately is out of her power. When we consider the many domestic occasions when stove-covers and flat-irons are used to punctuate her remarks, it would seem as if depriving her of anything like certainty in the case, was a feeble effort of our common mother to continue the existence of the male sex in spite of opposition.

Prejudices are like rats, and a man's mind like a trap; they get in easily, and perhaps can't get out at all.

One great secret of domestic enjoyment is too much overlooked—that of bringing our wants down to our circumstances; instead of toiling to bring our circumstances up to our wants.

One Cold after another will with many constitutions securely establish the seeds of Consumption in the system. If you are in need of a remedy for any Lung Trouble, or Throat Disease, you will find Dr. Jayne's Expectorant always prompt and efficacious.

AUTUMN SCENES.

BY CLARA J. MOORE.

I.

Autumn is here. His russet mantle's fold
Trails over all the woodland groves around,
Scattering bright gems of purple set in gold,
Like drifts of amethysts, to the mossy ground.
The katydid has ceased her plaintive tale,
The whippoorwill has sought a southern zone;
Alone the corn-bird screams along the vale,
Then listens to the hoarse wind's answering tone.

II.

The grass-grown path beside the chestnut wood
Is nearly hidden by the drifting leaves;
The ploughboy gleans the nuts where thick-cast strewed,
Or helps the farmer stack his yellow sheaves;
The river, murmuring o'er its rocky bed
Smiles up as fondly to the forest spray
As if it sought the forest leaves to wed,
And bear them from their sheltered home away.

III.

The wild flower, shivering on its slender stalk,
Meets the rude blast and sways to rise again,
Spreading its petals gay by woodland walk,
Heedless of drenching dews and beating rain.
Not so its sister plants in garden bowers;
They droop and die, afraid of winter's cold—
All save the artemisia's clustering flowers,
And here and there a stately marigold.

IV.

'Midst all of autumn's ever mournful sounds
The cricket chirps his never-ceasing lay,
And wild bees, buzzing o'er their daily rounds,
Hasten to bear their stolen sweets away.
The laborer, plodding homeward from his toil
O'er fields where gleaners gathered all the day,
Finds a few scattered sheaves upon the soil,
And with a light heart whistles on his way.

V.

Once in his home, his cheerful wife will meet
With welcoming smiles his true and fond caress;
His little ones will gather round his feet,
And humble happiness his hours will bless.
Ah! praised be God for all the garnered love
That makes our earthly pilgrimage so bright,
Leading our thoughts to mansions fair above,
Where never falls the darkness of the night.

The Girl He Left Behind Him.

BY EMMA RHODES.

The good ship *Tamar* was bearing up Channel before a brisk south-west wind. The passengers were gathered on deck, conversing in little groups, watching the green English shores. But one stood apart from the rest, leaning over the stern taffrail, gazing with fixed eyes and thoughtful face. He was a man of about forty five years of age, of somewhat spare build, with an ample brown beard, and bronze,tanned cheeks. A near scrutiny would have revealed something of sadness in his eyes at that moment, as though the prospect of setting foot on his native land, from which he had been absent for many years, was not wholly one of pleasure.

On the afternoon of the following day, the *Tamar* dropped anchor off Gravesend. Most of the unmarried men on board went on shore at once, and among them this man—George Herder. On reaching London, he took a cab, and drive to a house in Hereford Road. He gave the servant who opened the door his name, and followed her up-stairs, entered the room in which she showed him. As he did so, a man rose from the table at which he was seated, glanced for a moment at the stranger, and then came quickly forward, and grasped him by both hands.

"George, it is you. Welcome back to England. But I can't tell how I feel at seeing you again, old fellow!"

"Did you get my telegram?" asked Herder.

"Yes, I got it. I have been talking to my landlady, and she can let you have a bedroom here, if you like, and we can share this room in common. The arrangement might suit you for the present, at any rate. What do you say?"

"It will do capitally," answered Herder. "It will be convenient, our being together, for we have much to say to each other. I'll need to be piloted about London too; I've forgotten my way greatly, and I find many of the places changed."

"I thought of that too. I'm not very busy just now, so we can have a good deal of time together, I shall be free every afternoon by four o'clock."

Fred Hammond held a position of some responsibility in the Civil Service. Next day, George Herder's time was chiefly occupied in looking up the few friends in London with whom he had kept up an acquaintance by correspondence. Hammond and he had finished dinner in their lodgings, and they had produced their pipes, when the former said: "I've got an engagement for the evening, which it's too late now to think of getting off. Some very good friends of mine, who live in a square close by, have a sort of musical party and conversazione. I am on such terms with them as to be able to use the freedom of taking you with me if you would care to go."

"I don't mind going with you for a short time, if you can use the liberty of introducing me to their friends," said Herder.

"All right then, we'll finish our pipes, and it will then be about time to fix ourselves."

* * * * *

Mrs. Norcott entertained a sufficient number of guests that evening to fill her drawing rooms comfortably without crowding. The host and hostess received Herder with agreeable geniality; but as the people about him were all entire strangers, it could hardly be otherwise than that George should every now and then feel somewhat at a loss what to do with himself. He was standing in a corner of the room gazing rather aimlessly about him, when Hammond came up and said: "I'm afraid this isn't very lively for you, but I think we need not stay any longer. I've explained matters to Norcott. I just want you to hear this lady play, and then we'll go."

The piano stood at the opposite end of the room. While Hammond was speaking, a lady seated herself at it and began playing. As Herder looked at her he started so evidently, that it did not escape his companion's notice. Was it possible that he knew that face and figure? The lady was middle-aged, of a rather small and slight figure, with a face not regularly moulded, but soft, refined, and expressive. The light from a bracket above the piano fell upon the player, and revealed her face and figure in clear outlines. She played an arrangement of Irish melodies, old and familiar airs all of them, but so delicately and sympathetically played, that the whole room was hushed to listen. Were not some of these old airs once his chief favorites, airs that used to haunt him for days together, and that still came back upon him and them? The music ceased; a murmur of applause went round the room, and the performer rose and left the piano.

"That lady plays admirably," observed Herder to his companion, with an effort to appear calmer than he really felt.

"Ah! I thought you would like her," answered Hammond. "The music is simple enough; but whatever Mrs. Vallance plays is played in a way you don't often meet with."

"Vallance! Are you sure that is the name?" asked George, and the disappointment in his voice was evident, and have you known her, Fred?"

"Yes; and I have the pleasure of knowing her pretty intimately. There is somewhat of a little history connected with her."

"Is there? Would you mind telling it to me, if it is not a private matter?"

"Certainly, if you wish; it is no secret. But we can't talk here. Let us find Mrs. Norcott, and make our adieus."

* * * * *

"I can tell you what I know of Mrs. Vallance," began Hammond, when the two men had reached their lodgings and were again seated, each in an easy chair, at the open window, for it was summer-time, "in a few sentences, for it is after all a simple enough story. When Mrs. Vallance was a girl of twenty, she was engaged at Plymouth, where she resided, to a young fellow one year older than herself. Unfortunately, however, he had not the wherewithal to keep a wife, and with the hope of increasing his worldly circumstances more rapidly than he was doing in England, he resolved to emigrate to Australia. He was to return in a short time and take the girl out with him. In Australia he started sheep-farming, I believe; but his success was by no means so rapid as he had hoped for. Years passed on, and still there seemed no prospect of his being soon able to return to England. At last the girl received a letter in which her affianced lover—whose name I never happened to hear—stated that he could not possibly say when he would be in a position to fulfil his promise to her. Under these circumstances, he could not ask her to wait any longer for him; and he therefore released her from her engagement. Well, the girl was sad and depressed for a while, they say, but by-and by she seemed to get over it. About this time, Mr. Vallance, an old friend of the father's, came a good deal about the house, and was it evident that he was attracted by the daughter. He was a kind-hearted and estimable man in many ways. The parents looked favorably upon his suit, and when he proposed for the daughter's hand, she accepted him, and they were married. In little more than two years, however, after his marriage, the house to which Vallance belonged, to the astonishment of the mercantile world, stopped payment. The affair made considerable talk in the City at the time. Nobody seemed to have anticipated the firm's failure. Mr. Vallance never recovered from the shock, and in a year after the firm had suspended payment, he died. His widow was left almost entirely dependent upon her own exertion for the support of herself and her two young children. She removed to Plymouth again, began to give music lessons, and in this way has maintained herself and family ever since; and very nobly she has done it.

There was a short pause, during which the two men puffed their pipes in silence. Then Herder said: "Is Mrs. Vallance staying in London for any time, do you know?"

"She has been paying a short visit to Mrs. Norcott, and is to return home in a day or two, she told me," replied Hammond, "When do you think of going to Plymouth yourself?"

"This is Wednesday; I think I shall go on Friday or Saturday. I am anxious to see my old aunt. She is almost my only relative now left. I was a favorite of hers, you remember."

"I think you are perfectly right in visiting her at once," Hammond answered quietly.

* * * * *

The Friday evening following found Herder at Plymouth. Early next morning, he visited his aunt, and one or two old friends, and then made his way in the direction of the house in which he had spent his boyhood. It lay two or three miles out of the town, among fields and low hills, and Herder found it again without difficulty. He had fallen into the sort of reverie which the circumstances naturally induced, when he reached a point where the stream widened into a little pool. A boy who was on the bank fishing, looked up as Herder approached. He had a frank, intelligent face and brown waving hair.

The two fell into a conversation about troutfishing and all pertaining to it. In a little while the youth left the pool, and moved slowly up the stream, Herder walking by his side. What was it in the tones of his voice, every now and then, that puzzled Herder with a faint sense of familiarity? A strong desire to learn his young companion's name possessed him, and he asked it.

"John Vallance," was the answer. "May I ask yours, sir?"

He hesitated for a moment, and then told his surname.

"Herder," repeated the youth; "I know that name. There's an old lady, Miss Field, who lives near us, a great friend of my mother's, who has a nephew named Herder. She often talks of him. George, she always calls him. But he's in Australia; been there for ever so long."

Herder did not answer; the two resumed their talk upon fishing, and from that it turned upon other subjects. Herder encouraged young Vallance to talk, and gradually drew from him the leading particulars of his life. He spoke of his mother, his sister Katy, himself and his school-life, freely and unconstrainedly, for there was nothing to conceal.

"As I am to be in Plymouth a few days longer," said Herder finally, "I hope we shall see each other often again."

"I hope so too, sir," answered the boy heartily. And the two new friends parted cordially.

Before Herder reached the town again, he had decided to visit Mrs. Vallance. The events of the morning had had the effect of quickening his intention. He knew the cottage in which Mrs. Vallance lived; he had been directed to it by Miss Field, and he had to pass it in returning to his aunt's house. He rang the bell; and instead of its being answered by a servant the door was opened by Mrs. Vallance herself. A quick, slightly startled, half-doubtful look came into her face.

"Mrs. Vallance," he said, "do you know an old friend?" His voice confirmed her recognition.

"You are—George Herder," she answered in a low voice, which, despite the effort made to control it, trembled. She led him into a little sitting-room.

The meeting might have seemed to a casual onlooker a very ordinary one. George Herder narrated to his listener the chief events of his colonial life; and Kate related her history since the two had parted. And thus it was that, with old memories waked to new life, stirring in the heart of each, the two met and talked with scarcely the expressed warmth of old friends. By-and by, Katy Vallance, returning from afternoon school, entered the room, and was introduced to the stranger.

Herder has been more than a month at Plymouth, when one afternoon he made his way to the Vallance's cottage with a fixed purpose in his mind. He found Mrs. Vallance sitting alone in the little garden in front of the house. George came direct to the matter. "Kate," he said quietly, but not without a tremor in his voice, "I don't know whether I can offer you the same sort of love as I did long ago, but I can promise the true affection of one who has not thought of any other woman since he gave up hope of you. Can you accept it? Am I to return to my bush life, or to remain here for good? It depends upon you."

Kate Vallance placed her hands in Herder's. "Then I think we should all like you stay, George," she said.

It was but a few minutes after this that John and Katy Vallance returned from an afternoon's walk.

"John," said Herder, with his hand on his boy's shoulder, "step-fathers are not always represented as popular people, either in books or real life. But supposing I were to become yours would we be the worse friends, think you?"

"No, sir; I think not," answered John with simple heartiness; "I have never known a father, and I will gladly take you for one."

"And Katy," continued Herder, turning to the girl, and drawing her to his side, "I know you will say the same as John."

And though they married towards the autumn, rather than the summer of their lives they were certainly none the less happy.

In the Marais.

BY ALBANY DE FONBLANQUE.

At the time of which I write I had just been made a partner in our house of business. Until this period I had been much confined to the counting-house, and it was now considered desirable that I should travel for a few months, in order to make the acquaintance of our principal customers, many of whom were French.

In those days railways were unknown, and the diligences slow and uncertain modes of conveyance. I therefore travelled on horseback, accompanied by my trusty dog, Lion.

It was towards the close of the day, in the last week in October, in that part of La Vendee called the Marais. The air felt chilly and damp. A mist hung over the lowlands, rendering objects invisible at a short distance.

On one side of the road along which I was riding, a broad dyke flowed sluggishly; on the other stretched an extensive tract of heath and furze-covered ground, brown and desolate, though here and there a few blossoms still lingered amidst the dark prickly green.

I found it was vain to think of pushing on to the coast that night, and I hoped to come upon some village or farmhouse where I might find rest and refreshment for my tired horse and myself.

"There must be a house hereabouts," I said to myself, and as the thought passed through my mind a punt came gliding over the dyke, impelled by a vigorous push from the pole of a sturdy peasant. He was about going on without taking any notice of my approach, when I hailed him.

"My friend," I said, "can you direct me to a house where I may find a night's lodging?"

"No," the man replied in a surly tone. "There are not many houses hereabouts."

"But there is surely a farm over yonder," I returned, pointing with my whip in the direction of the fields.

"Maybe," the man answered. "But we don't take in strangers at our place."

Without another word, he pushed off to the opposite side of the dyke, and set off leisurely homewards.

I confess the wish I sent after him was not a blessing. There was nothing for it, however, but to proceed; waiting in the road was evidently useless. I touched my jaded horse lightly with the whip, rousing him from his meditations, and whistling to Lion, I set forward on my way.

Now, however, I distinctly heard a footstep behind me on the road, and turning, I saw a man, who had started out of the dyke apparently, leaping pole in hand. Lion growled; but at a word from me he came close up to my horse, though still uttering a low, dissatisfied snarl.

The man, as I could perceive in the fast gathering dusk, was a sufficiently rough, disreputable figure to excite the suspicions of any dog accustomed to good society.

Nevertheless, such as he was, I hailed his advent as a godsend. Surely he could be induced, by promise of a reward, to guide me to some habitation where I could pass the night.

When I made this proposal, with the offer of money for his trouble, I could see his eyes glitter under his shaggy brows. There was no village near, not even a farmhouse, he said; but if I would put up with such accommodations as he could give, he would take me to his own cottage near at hand.

I gratefully accepted his offer. Anything would be better than being lost in the morass, which might only too probably be the case as night closed in. The man took the horse by the bridle and led him on, Lion following close at my heels, still, by an occasional growl, protesting against the arrangement.

Finally we traversed a pathway between some osiers, and at last we stopped before a cottage, or rather cabin, through a hole in the roof of which a wreath of turf smoke found its way. Adjoining, stood what appeared at first sight to be a mound of thick foliage, but which proved to be an outhouse. I afterwards found that it was constructed of wickerwork plastered over with mud; many of the willow twigs had taken root, and covered the erection with a canopy of green.

The horse having been relieved of saddle and bridle, and led into this primitive stable, where a few handfuls of hay and a drink of water had to serve him for supper, I followed my guide into the cottage, saddlebags in hand.

He at first made some objection to Lion's entrance, suggesting that he might remain in the stable, but to this I refused to listen. Lion was therefore admitted, though with a bad grace.

I found the interior of the cottage low and smoke-stained. The one unglazed window was partially closed with a wooden shutter. A turf fire smouldered on a flat stone that served for a hearth. At one end, in a corner, stood a rude pallet bed covered with sheepskins. Opposite was a heavy wooden press that looked as if, at some former day, it had known better quarters.

"You will have the place to yourself," said the man in a hoarse voice; "I am going out again. You'll want supper, I suppose."

I signified that such refreshment would certainly be desirable.

He opened the cupboard, and brought out a loaf of black bread, some eggs, and dried fish. These latter he proceeded to cook.

He then produced a bottle of wine, and set on the table a plate and drinking-cup of a more respectable kind than might have been expected.

Then taking down a lantern that hung from a nail in the wall, he lighted it, and set off on his nocturnal errand, whatever that might be.

When, having finished my supper, and given Lion his share, I had time for reflection; the sinister countenance of my host began to haunt me unpleasantly, and I thought it advisable to take a survey of the premises.

Besides the entrance door, there was another at the end of the room on one side of the press.

Opening it I found it led into a sort of shed, partly filled with hay. I raised the candle and glanced round.

The place seemed to be a receptacle for all sorts of odds and ends, some of which raised uncomfortable doubts, so out of keeping did they seem with the cottage and its inmate.

The further I looked the more my suspicions became excited. I took a pole that stood against the wall and moved the hay. An irresistible feeling took possession of me that it had been thrown there for the purpose of concealment; nor was I mistaken. The first object I turned up was a boot of Parisian make, and near it I found a Russia leather valise with a brass plate at one end, on which I made out the initials C. F.

A cold shiver ran through my frame. It was a situation that might well dismay the boldest. A very few months before a good deal of painful interest had been roused by the mysterious disappearance in this part of the country of a commercial traveller named Charles Favel; and the conviction forced itself on my mind that I had come upon the relics of this unfortunate man.

I concluded that I had fallen into a nest of brigands.

"Forewarned, forearmed," I said to myself, as, returning to the principal room, I took the pistols from my saddle-bag, and looked to the priming.

"If they make any attempt upon us they shall have a hot reception, Lion, my boy," I said, and Lion looked in my face and slowly wagged his tail, as much as to say, "Let come what will, we are ready."

I threw myself on the bed without undressing, and placed the pistols under the bolster.

Lion stretched himself at my side. I had no intention of sleeping, you may be sure; but though I struggled hard to keep on the alert, the wearied senses refused their office; past and present began to be mixed up in inextricable confusion, and at last I fell asleep.

I must have slept for some hours, when I was suddenly roused to full consciousness by the report of a pistol, and a gurgling sound as of someone being strangled, and by the faint glimmer of the fire I saw a man stealing towards the bed, and the glitter of a knife he held in his hand.

To catch up my pistol and fire was the work of an instant. The shot took effect, thoroughly disabling the ruffian, for the arm that held the knife dropped powerless by his side. He groaned and staggered back against the wall for a moment, then with a volley of curses he turned and fled through the open door.

Meanwhile I had sprung from the bed, and hastened to the assistance of Lion, who had pinned another of the brigands by the throat. The dog's instinct had proved right; as I had expected, it was the master of the cottage. He had ceased to struggle and was nearly at his last gasp.

A discharged pistol lay close to where he had fallen, it must have gone off in the air when the dog flew upon him.

In my examination of the premises I had observed a coil of rope; with this I bound the miscreant's arms tightly, and then called Lion off, not a moment too soon.

Yet I did not feel myself out of danger. It wanted some time to daybreak, and every moment I expected others of the gang might come to the rescue of their comrade. I reloaded my pistol, and at a sign Lion placed himself at the door on the watch.

At length welcome streaks of light appeared in the east.

I saddled my horse, and, with a feeling of thankfulness at my escape, retraced my steps to the highroad, leaving my treacherous host bound on the floor of the cottage.

After travelling over the morass for about an hour I saw a little fishing village before me—the sea sparkling in the morning sun, and beyond, the island of Noirmoutiers.

When I made my deposition, I gave a full and particular description of the cottage.

It appeared that a gang of highwaymen had infested the district for some time, eluding the search of the police; no doubt was made that the men who attacked me formed part of the number.

When the gens d'armes arrived they found the cottage empty; my host must have been liberated by his accomplices. But, once put on the track, the law soon had the wretches in its clutch.

My host and the ringleaders were executed, and the others sent to the galleys.

◆

WE have examined the Alexis Revolver advertised in another column, and take pleasure in recommending it to our readers. No written description can do it justice. It is all and more than its enterprising manufacturers claim for it. —[EDITOR POST.]

◆

A young lady of Moundsville, Ky., consulted a justice of the peace as to the possibility of preventing, by process of law, a young man who had been paying his addresses to her from marrying another young lady. The advice not being satisfactory, the young lady notified her mother what clothes she desired to be buried in, and proceeded to the orchard, where she hung herself to an apple tree.

◆

The relationship of a man and a woman in rainy weather is easily discovered. If they are lovers the woman will have all of the umbrella, and a man won't care a fig how wet he gets; but if they are married it is just the opposite. Marriage makes the difference, that is all.

EYE-BRIGHT.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

"You see, Eye-bright, the Olivers are not going to ask you to their pic-nic tomorrow. It is not likely an invitation will come *now*. I greatly wonder at their behavior, but, my dear, it is only what I have been expecting to happen for a long time."

And Miss Belinda Elton felt that her feelings had been so wounded, that to ease her own mind of what was on it, she must have a spar at her niece's gentle, quiescent acceptance of the matter.

From the day that Eye-bright—which was pretty Mary Elton's pet name—had told her the Olivers were organizing a pic-nic to Wayland Smith's Cave, she had made up her mind that her dear little niece, whom she loved almost selfishly, and for whose happiness she was very zealous, would be invited. But Miss Belinda was sadly doomed to be disappointed. Every evening when Eye-bright came home from the Manor, where duty called her as a daily governess to the younger members of Squire Oliver's family, her first words, almost of charming anxiety, were "Well, my love, have you been invited?" And Eye-bright would answer nonchalantly, "No, Aunt Linda, I have not."

"The whole of the matter is this, my dear, continued the sharp-tongued old lady, "they have grown jealous of you ever since my dear Sir Constable Beard came down here, and they had found that he had known your dear papa so well, and us in our days of prosperity. Their love and friendship for you has been gradually cooling; I have marked it, known it, child, although you have never said a word. It is only human nature, my dear. Your eccentric notion of burying yourself in this poor cottage to please those people has been an injudicious step, and I deeply regret that I have sanctioned it so long by my presence. The damp of it is killing me; the isolation from neighbors is an open invitation to tramps and assassins to come across and rob and murder us. I do not intend to be snowed-up and ice-bound here another winter, my dear. I am going and I shall take you with me. This romantic foolery must end, Eye-bright. Do you hear me?" concluded Miss Belinda, raising her voice into a comically high key.

Eye-bright had heard every word and its sharp logicaly facts disturbed her while she stood dreaming in the chequered afternoon sunlight, on the terrace that ran before the Lock Cottage. Something had "sweetly crept into the study of her imagination," and inclined the dimples to sink into the shy depths of her cheeks when Miss Belinda began; but they disappeared when she discovered that all this time she had been martyring the old lady. Now that the brooding truth was out, she must dispassionately consider the subject, and not allow the impetuosity of offended pride to hurry them away into doing anything "foolish," by which she meant a resignation of her situation, and an exit from the Lock Cottage.

But in the matter of the invitation, Miss Belinda's shrewdness had rightly discovered that its not being given had arisen through no other source than Sir Constable Beard. He had come down to Holmby for the trout fishing, and had immediately renewed his acquaintance with the Eltons in whose parish his home was situated. The Manor people became assiduous in their attentions to the bachelor baronet, and as often as they could secure him he dined with them, and joined them at croquet. Several boating pic-nics had taken place which landed Mrs. Oliver and the girls in some reedy cove, where the angler was trapped on board to lunch, and constrained to idle away his time with Helen and Mabel, the two elder, and certainly beautiful daughters; but Eye-bright was never with them as she had been, neither did she then care to be. Yet her sweet, lovely face was often shaded by thoughtful preoccupation, that deepened strangely into a sad wistfulness which had not the slightest reference to Sir Constable.

"I don't know, Auntie, that it would be a good step," Eye-bright replied, after a rather long pause, and entering the room. "We have no rent to pay here, and our expenses are trifling compared with what they would be elsewhere. I think though, dear, you do need a change. You have been two years with me, and I have been dreadfully selfish; but my holiday will soon begin now, and we can go anywhere you like for two months. I should enjoy it so much. Shall we go, Aunt Linda? and where?"

The suggestion, meeting with Miss Belinda's ready approval was fruitful of much pleasant discussion: and under the delightful prospect of a change nearer to the great world on which Miss Belinda thought herself stranded, her good temper reasserted itself over her late annoyance.

After tea Miss Belinda retired upstairs to her comfortable bedroom to indulge in a little epistolary correspondence. Eye-bright moved her low chair over to the window, where she sat for a time busily employed in correcting exercises.

As she sat, she was not screened from the observation of a gentleman who had been for some time approaching the cottage by the tow path. He was very tall, and slightly bent in his broad shoulders, and was decidedly a noble, strong, handsome man—one whom a woman might fearlessly trust. He cautiously crossed the lock, and with a spring reached the window, where his big shadow fell upon Eye-bright's sheets of paper. With a nervous start she raised her head, and as she saw him standing there, a sweet, sudden, womanly confusion almost overpowered her, and crimsoned her cheeks, while she strove to say, "Mr. Oliver, is it you—why we did not expect you till to-morrow."

"I know it; but my impatience conquered my arrangements. I have come twenty-four hours sooner, to receive, I hope, a cordial welcome from you."

Her eyes fell before his ardent gaze. With gentle grace she extended her small white hand, which he grasped and held in a firm, affectionate clasp.

"You look very well, Miss Elton; better than when I went away. Yet you seem to have grown strangely shy and fearful of me. Come, show me again those bright eyes whose light has shone over the darkness of my life."

Eye-bright felt so foolishly happy that a sweet little laugh responded to his words; and overcoming her timidity, she gratified him by a modest little study.

"Well, and what do you think of me, now," he said, laughing and pressing her hand.

"I think you look very much tanned by your southern residence, Mr. Oliver. Did you go to the Alhambra?"

"Yes, and selfishly sighed for your companionship there. We should have enjoyed the Moorish remains much better together, I am sure."

Eye-bright playfully thanked him and asked him to come in.

"That is a hint that you want your hand back, I suppose," he laughed. "That skillful little hand that looked after my broken collar-bone when I was thrown. I wish you would give it to me, Eye-bright; I should take better care of it than you—see how you have inked it!" and Mr. Oliver playfully pointed to the black stains where her pen had rested. "I have come home post-haste to ask you that question. Don't wrench at it so, you won't get it; you would only cover up your face, and I must see a great deal of that dear face. Abandon those wretched papers and come out; the sunset is glorious. On that condition I will lend you your hand. Do you agree?"

So it came to pass that she was presently by his side on the terrace. Then they crossed the lock and went down on the bank of the canal, where they walked in blissful delight, such as mortals are permitted to enjoy on earth.

Philip Oliver was the younger brother of Squire Oliver of the Manor, and he had formed an attachment for Eye-bright ever since he had known her; an attachment that appeared to be perfectly mutual, although undeclared till now. He did not live at the Manor. His own, "Home Farm" —as he styled his property—was about three miles away from the Manor, but much of his time was spent in his brother's cheerful house, and there he had met Eye-bright. Her beauty and worth had interested him, and desperately in love did he fall with her, with little or no encouragement from her, so that the current ran swift and deep, and yet unobserved. An accidental fall from his hunter had occurred, through Eye-bright's suddenly springing off a stile one day just as he was passing on his way to the meet, and frightening the animal, throwing him so violently that he had broken his collar-bone almost at her very feet. The agony of the moment had been terrible to her. She gently cradled his head upon her lap till his groom galloped to Holmby for a surgeon, then to the Manor for assistance to convey him there, where for some time he was kept and petted as a loved invalid, and where Eye-bright's services were made useful in amusing "Uncle Philip," and staying with him when Mrs. Oliver and her elder daughters were going out. Kind Mrs. Oliver! Little did she think when she slighted Eye-bright on account of Sir Constable, that a stranger mischief had been worked.

"I wonder what notice my sister-in-law requires, Eye-bright, in resigning your situation?" he asked, bending down his laughing eyes upon her, and reclaiming the hand which he drew gently through his arm.

The waving sheaths of the flags stirred by the wind rustled crisply, and about their dark green roots were pillows of white and rosy crowns tempting her to look, if Mr. Oliver had only given her time. But he would not; he preferred to see the glow on her own sweet face, and he teased her till she replied almost breathlessly, "I don't know."

"Immediate notice ought to be accepted; but it won't, I suppose. I shall manage it for you, my darling, never fear. Only tell me that I have not been too presumptuous—that I have not been idly dreaming."

Soft as the passing wind came the whisper: "I don't think you have been idly dreaming, Philip."

Almost reverently he kissed her modest lips, as he said, with heart at rest, "We had better go back, then, and tell Miss Belinda all about it."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

IMPROVEMENT IN WATCHES.—A notable improvement in watches is reported from a manufactory in Switzerland, where by a peculiar process the figures on the dial are rendered luminous, so that if exposed once during the day to the sunlight, they remain phosphorescent and visible throughout the night.

JUTE.—By a new process, the details of which are not yet published, it has been proved that the fibrous portion of the jute plant can be so divided and treated as to produce curtains, hangings, tablecloths and dress goods of rare excellence. Indeed, for some purposes the article, as applied to textiles, appears to rival silk.

THE SECRETION OF SWEAT.—The secretion of sweat is now known to be, like that of saliva, directly under the control of the nervous system, and to be excited by secreting nerves, independently of alterations in the vessels which supply secreting glands. This fact tends to explain the well known greater tendency to perspire which people observe when they are shut up in a close room, a tendency which appears to be greater than can readily be accounted for by the warmth of the room alone.

A REMARKABLE PLANT.—A plant of somewhat remarkable properties, found in Hayti, is thus described. Its narcotic properties are so strong that it can produce coma of any desired intensity and duration. All persons within a house can be put asleep by it, and a burglary committed with impunity. A few families only know this plant, and the knowledge of it is handed down from generation to generation as an heirloom, but it is believed that an experienced botanist may discover it and make it available for medical purposes.

HOUSES AND HEALTH.—At a general conference of British architects a few weeks ago, the general building regulations of the kingdom were discussed at length. Among other points brought out, was this: That the health of a community is much more dependent upon food, clothing, and personal habits, than upon the arrangement and construction of dwellings or workshops; for however perfect may be the arrangements, they may be entirely neutralized if the food is bad, the clothing deficient, and the personal habits filthy.

THE LAW OF PERIODICITY.—It may be accepted as pretty well determined that there is a periodicity of commercial and industrial crises, that they occur with singular regularity after a certain lapse of time. One eminent investigator has found that in a period of 165 years a crisis took place every 10 years. Why crises thus occur is unknown. In his opinion, neither wars, trades unions, excessive speculations, luxurious living, or any other of the commonly received causes can be regarded as sufficient. Any physical explanation is yet merely speculative.

PAPER COATING FOR VESSELS.—When the British man-of-war Serapis last set sail for India, her captain had her bottom thoroughly coated with paper, applied with a cement of his own devising. After making the voyage and lying in dock for three months, the bottom remained free from marine incrustations except in a few places where the paper had been rubbed off. As the material is very cheap, and the method of application simple, the discovery is likely to revolutionize marine construction, at least in this one detail.

STAINING WOOD.—A recipe for staining wood dark mahogany, cherry or rosewood color, and that will not have to be applied hot, is the following: 1. Boil one half a pound of logwood in three pints of water, and add a half ounce of salt of tartar. 2. Boil half a pound of madder and a quarter of a pound of fustic in one gallon of water. 3. Boil one pound of Brazil wood and one ounce of washing soda in one gallon of water, apply, and then brush over it before dry a solution of two ounces of alum in one quart of water. With these, the wood, if dry, can be stained in the cold; but the dyeing will be accomplished far more satisfactorily and quickly if the liquids are applied hot.

◆

"If I should marry Eliza Jane," said the prospective son-in-law, "I should frankly confess one thing in advance—I am of rather a hasty temper and apt to get mad without cause." "Oh, that'll be all right," blandly replied the dear old lady; "I shall go and live with you and I'll see that you always have cause."

OUR BOYS & GIRLS

The Result of Playing Truant.

PART I.

"Dear me!" cried Freddy Faulkner, "I wish there was no school to-day."

Freddy had his bag full of books and dinner basket, which his kind mother had put into his hand just as he had expressed the very indolent wish which opens our story. Mrs. Faulkner's only reply was, "Make haste, Freddy, or you will be late. Mind you study hard, my boy."

But Freddy was no sooner out of his mother's sight than he threw himself down under a tree, and exclaimed, "I wish I could stay here all day. It is too bad to have to go to school such a bright summer's morning! I wish I were a robin, then I should not have to sit in a close musty room, with nothing but maps to look at. How I wished I lived on an island like Robinson Crusoe. Then there would be no school or schoolmaster to plague me, and no compound division sums to worry me. It will be so warm and tiresome in school; it will be no harm if I do not go to-day. If mother only knew how much I should enjoy a day in the woods, I am sure she would not mind this once. It is so cool and beautiful here, I am sure she would not mind my enjoying myself."

So Freddy reasoned, trying hard to make wrong appear right. It was a lovely scene upon which Freddy gazed, and a pleasant sight enough to one whose conscience was at rest. The bank on which he now wandered was covered with foxglove, and near was a deep pond spangled with waterlilies.

"How lovely to dabble my feet in this cool water!" and Freddy at once took off his shoes and stockings, suiting the action to the thought.

"So you are playing the truant!"

Freddy sprang upon his feet with a bound, to face a boy some years older than himself—a boy who lived in the village, but with whom his mother had forbidden him to associate.

"Hullo, Faulkner! won't you just catch it! Off I go to tell the schoolmaster."

"Jim!" cried Freddy, in the greatest alarm, "you never would be such a sneak. I'm sure I would not do such a mean thing to you for the whole world!"

"It was only my fun, boy; I think you are a plucky youngster *not* to go to school to-day. But you don't mean to stay here all day? What do you say to going fishing with me and my brothers?"

"I should like it very much, Jim; but I don't think my mother would let me go."

Jim gave a great coarse laugh, and cried out, "You young innocent! Did your mother give you leave to be in the woods this morning. Come along, and make a day of it. You need not go home till night."

Freddy hesitated, and then putting on his shoes and stockings, prepared to go with Jim. Freddy had taken the first wrong step, and now found it hard to turn round to the right road again.

Jim's brothers welcomed Freddy boisterously, and declared if they were Freddy, they would run away from school every day. 'Twas folly to be shut up in a close room all day.

Freddy so enjoyed himself, that for a long time he ceased to think how he had obtained such pleasure.

When they had reached what the lads knew to be good fishing ground, the boat was pulled on shore, and Freddy lay full length upon the grass.

"No one will pass and see me," he thought. "I must be a good way from home. But oh! how hungry I am. I don't think Jim or his brothers brought anything with them to eat. Shall I have to share my dinner with them? I could eat that and more myself."

Just then Jim came to where Freddy was lying, and said, "Come, my boy help me make a fire to cook our dinner."

"I am so glad, Jim. I was just thinking how hungry I was. But I did not see any provisions in the boat."

Jim seemed to think this speech of Freddy's very amusing, for he again laughed boisterously.

Freddy was very pleased at the idea of cooking and eating their dinner in the open air. He had read of such pleasures, but to partake of them had been beyond his expectations.

The fire was burning brightly when Tom and Sam—Jim's two brother's—made their appearance.

"What luck!" cried Jim.

For answer, Tom pulled from his cap several large potatoes, which he threw into the fire. Then Sam drew out of his pocket a fine hare, which he proceeded to skin.

Jim had run towards the boat when he saw the hare, and now brought forward an old tin saucepan, into which Sam threw the hare. And then he deliberately drew forth some onions from his other pocket.

"Now for some water, Jim, and we shall have a dinner fit for a king."

Freddy felt he should like to ask them how they came by the potatoes, hare, and onions, but he did not like to. He remembered having heard these boys were not honest, so he secretly resolved not to eat any.

"Now, youngster," cried Jim, "let us begin on your dinner whilst ours is cooking. Share and share alike—that's fair, eh?"

Freddy produced his basket, and the contents so rapidly disappeared that Freddy had very little chance of securing even a small portion of it to himself.

"I must eat some of it," he thought, "I am so very hungry; besides, it smells so good I could not resist."

So Freddy ate, and even laughed heartily when Sam boldly showed how the dinner had been stolen from a crusty old farmer in the neighborhood.

Freddy spent the afternoon much as he had spent the morning—lying lazily on the grass. He lay for a long time, and then began to think it must be getting late.

"Oh dear!" he thought, "I hope those boys will soon come back and row me home. It will be late, and mother will be frightened; besides, she will know I have not been to school."

Freddy now began to be very uneasy. The boys had been gone a long time, and there was no sign of their appearing.

"We are going 'land fishing,'" Jim had said to Freddy. "You wait here till we come back."

But now it began to grow dark, and Freddy was terribly frightened.

"I will try and row myself back," he cried, desperately. "The boys must have gone off and forgotten me entirely."

Freddy rose to his feet, and was rejoiced to see the tide had risen so as nearly to float the boat. "I will sit in it, anyhow," he said; "if the boys come back, I will persuade them to come off at once."

But the tide rose higher and higher, and still no boys appeared. Freddy saw the oars were in the boat, and he thought he could manage to row himself, if the worst came and he was left alone much longer.

"Hie, there! stop!"

Freddy looked towards the spot from whence the cries proceeded, and saw the three boys running furiously towards the bank of the river, and two men shouting and running after them.

Freddy was too frightened to know quite what he was doing, but he caught up one of the oars, and giving the boat a push, he managed to set it floating towards the middle of the stream.

Then Freddy heard the three boys crying wildly to him to come back, but he was unable to do so, for the boat was drifting faster and faster away from the spot where they stood. Next, he saw the two men come up and roughly seize the boys. One, Freddy saw, was a policeman!

"Stop! stop! you young thief!" the other cried, shaking his fist in the direction of the drifting boat.

But Freddy was now terrified beyond measure. If he had dared to return, he had now no power to do so. The boat was rapidly floating with the tide.

"Oh, mother! mother!" wailed Freddy "how frightened you will be! Whenever shall I reach home?"

Alas! poor Freddy, it will be many a day before you see your fond mother again.

PART II.

Not once did Mrs. Faulkner lie down the night succeeding the day Freddy had played the truant. When tea-time passed and no Freddy, Mrs. Faulkner became alarmed.

"Susan," she said to her faithful servant, "go to the school house and see if Freddy is still there."

But who shall paint her consternation when Susan returned with the tidings that Freddy had not been at school that day.

Freddy's mother sat listening with an aching heart throughout the night, hoping every moment her boy would return.

The next morning she did receive tidings, but only such as made her more and more anxious for her boy's safety.

The news was brought her by a policeman, who had the three boys—Freddy's companions of the day before—in charge for robbing a farmer.

"You say my boy is a thief!" cried the half frantic mother.

"I don't know that he actually *stole*, but he was with them who did," replied the policeman.

"And where is he? surely not in prison?"

"Not he, ma'am; but I am almost sorry he is not, for then you would know he was *safe*. Now, I cannot say what has become of him."

The policeman then proceeded to tell Mrs. Faulkner how Freddy had been seen drifting along with the tide in an old leaky boat; that though some fishermen had gone in pursuit, nothing had as yet been heard of the boy or boat.

We must now leave the heart-broken mother to see what had become of Freddy.

When Freddy found himself drifting with the tide, he was so frightened that he let the sculls, with which he had been attempting to steer the boat, fall from his nervous hands.

"Oh! what will my mother think!" wailed Freddy. "Mother! mother! shall I ever see you again?"

Freddy threw himself down into the bottom of the boat and cried as if his heart would break. Then he fell fast asleep. When he awoke it was morning, and the boat was rocking gently on the sea, but no land was visible. Onward, onward drifted the boat, and the sea birds came flocking and uttering harsh cries, as they circled round poor Freddy's head.

"They are mocking me in my sorrow," thought Freddy. "How hungry I am! shall I die of hunger, I wonder, as I have often read of ship-wrecked sailors doing?"

Freddy was only a little boy, and his hunger made him cry.

Towards noon Freddy saw the sails of a ship. At first he shouted, but no one heard. Then he waved his jacket, and at last, to his joy, saw a boat being lowered from the ship.

When the captain of the ship heard Freddy's story, he first ordered some food to be given him, to which Freddy did good justice.

His hunger satisfied, Freddy ventured to ask the captain when he thought he could send him home?

"I cannot put you ashore, my boy," replied the captain kindly enough, "my ship is on the way to China, and we shall be away *four years!*"

"But I must go home," almost shrieked Freddy, "my mother will not know what has become of me."

"I am sorry for you, my boy; the only chance for you is if I should meet with a vessel homeward bound, and then I would put you aboard. But do not hope too much from this; the chances are I shall not meet with a vessel, and then you must go the voyage. I am without a cabin boy, and as idleness will only make you think more of your troubles, I shall expect you to work whilst you remain aboard my ship."

"*Four years!*" was all Freddy could say. It seemed more than the poor, miserable, home-sick boy could endure. How bitterly he was being punished for his one day's playing truant!

Freddy covered up his white face and cried, oh, so bitterly! Then for many days Freddy was very ill. As he lay all alone in his dark cabin, he thought he must die. How Freddy longed to lie in his mother's arms, and hear her pray to God in his behalf.

But Freddy did not die; he became quite well, but he found he was worked very hard as a cabin-boy. Poor Freddy would much rather have been at school, working even compound divisions sums, than having to obey the orders of any sailor who might need his services.

As month followed month, and no homeward-bound ship appeared, Freddy gave up all hope of being sent home.

I must not forget to tell you of one very exciting adventure Freddy met with on this voyage. They were nearing China, when Freddy one morning saw the captain looking through his telescope a long, long time.

He saw the mate go up to the captain, and heard him say:

"What is it, captain?"

"There is a vessel chasing us," said the captain, in a low voice; "don't alarm the men, but we must make the most of a fair wind."

But it was no secret long, for suddenly one of the sailors sang out, "Sail ho!"

The sailors now all saw her, and seemed to know in a moment what it meant.

Freddy saw the sailors collect in a group, as they looked very anxiously at the approaching vessel.

"What is it? Why are the sailors looking so frightened and anxious?" asked Freddy of an old sailor who had often been kind to him. "Perhaps it is a vessel going to England, and then I should go home."

"Not it, boy. That be a pirate ship. Let her only come alongside of us, and there will be no going home for any of us."

"What will they do with us?" asked Freddy, with trembling lips.

"Murder every mother's son of us! Dead men tell no tales. They would never risk letting us go and telling of them, and so getting them punished."

"There it is!" cried all the crew, as with one voice.

Freddy looked, and saw it was a black flag which the pirate ship had hoisted.

"It be only three or four miles away from us," groaned the sailor who had given the information to Freddy.

"Can we not get away?" asked Freddy.

"If we can outsail her we live; if not, we die!"

Freddy could ask no more questions, for now every one was busy doing his utmost to keep the good ship from falling into the hands of the pirates.

The wind had freshened into a gale.

You should have seen how the men flew to obey the captain's orders.

The captain looked anxiously at his masts. They were bending like whips already. It seemed a miracle they did not go overboard. Never before had the captain so much canvas on in so heavy a gale.

"She gains on us!" Freddy heard him say to the mate: "we must carry more sail. Get on the studding-sails!" he shouted.

It was fearfully dangerous work for the sailors, but they sprang up the shrouds like cats.

Then there were a few moments of deep suspense.

The captain looked on eagerly at the advancing pirate ship. "Courage, boys!" he cried at last; "the ship no longer gains on us."

What an hurrah went up from every throat! The ship flew on, and the pirate ship after her. Then Freddy heard the captain say the danger was over—the pirate ship was so far astern she could no longer be seen.

This was the most exciting adventure Freddy met with on his long voyage. He had full experience of storms, and was very nearly shipwrecked. He saw many strange places and strange people, but all the time his heart ached to see his fond mother once more.

Mrs. Faulkner had heard no word from Freddy. The vessel which carried a letter from him when he reached China, was lost.

One night Mrs. Faulkner was sitting alone, thinking sorrowfully of her lost boy. "I shall never see him again—he is dead!" she thought. "Rover! Rover! what ails the dog?" she cried.

The dog which had belonged to Freddy had suddenly set up a loud bark, though till now he had been quietly lying at Mrs. Faulkner's feet. Then she heard the front door open, and the dog barked more furiously than ever.

"Mother! mother!" In another moment two arms were round her neck, and the mother's tears were falling in showers upon her boy's face. Rover jumped upon him, barking his welcome.

When it became known in the village that Freddy had returned, there was great excitement, and every one came to bid him welcome home once more.

The first night of Freddy's return, the mother and son sat together long into the night—Freddy on a stool at his mother's feet. Very few words were spoken, but Freddy knew his disobedience was forgiven.

Once his mother said to him. "God always works the best way, my Freddy. Perhaps nothing else would have saved you from falling into evil ways. You began your first false step by playing the truant. Who knows whether your bad companions of that day might not have led you on to commit worse sin? They are in prison now, for being concerned in a robbery."

* * *

A Mexican Family.—A somewhat stout senora sits on the bed on a fringed tiger-skin, in the Turkish fashion, enjoying a cup of chocolate, whilst a maid is seated near on the ground, holding a silver plate with a glass of water upon it. Her morning-gown hangs about her much like a sack. Merry peals of laughter in the next room lead to the presumption that young people are there. Sure enough, they are the daughters; but, strange to say, not one has her dress closed. One has her arm out of her sleeves even, which are tied around her waist like a sash. Their plaited hair hangs down their backs, the feet are enclosed in silk slippers, but the stockings are wanting. The young people gaily smoke their cigars, whilst one of them is seated on a mat on the ground, having her long glossy hair combed by her maid. The dressing table is not well supplied with brushes, soaps, essences, &c., but with a complete assortment of rings, ear-rings, bracelets, brooches, chains, and pins.

* * *

The "Lily of Jersey."—Among the guests lately at the baths at Hombourg, Germany, was the celebrated English beauty Mrs. Langtry, the "Lily of Jersey." A profusion of golden brown hair, large soft violet eyes, and a true English complexion, all cream and roses, made up a very fascinating ensemble of charms. But her figure is bad, and her face, though very lovely, lacks intellectuality and variety of expression. She appeared at the Casino dressed in pure white cashmere, with a little cape of the same material, and a hat of white satin tilted well over her nose. It is said that her popularity in London is pretty much at an end, Lady Waldegrove, who sets the fashion there, having dropped Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. Cornwallis West, and having taken up a certain Mrs. Bagot, whose charms are now considered pre-eminent. Moreover, Mrs. Langtry has fallen into disgrace with the Prince of Wales, some say on account of a practical joke that she played off upon him, others, because of a jesting remark that she made about his wife.

* * *

One of the most important, but one of the most difficult things for a powerful mind is to be its own master; a pond may lie quiet in a plain, but a lake wants mountains to encompass and hold it in.

R. R. R.

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FARM AND GARDEN.

Care of Grindstones.—In using a grindstone be sure to clean off all greasy tools before sharpening, as grease or oil destroys the grit.

Sores on Horses.—Brandy and salt, two-thirds brandy and one third salt, is good for all kind of galls, wounds, bruises and inflammatory sores on horses.

Saving Seeds.—Seeds should be saved from the plants in the healthiest state, and those first ripe are the best. Clean the seeds and preserve only those that are full and plump, throwing out those of a light quality.

To Remove Acid Stains.—If you have been pickling or handling acid fruit and have stained your hands, wash them in clear water, wipe them lightly, and while they are yet moist strike a match and shut your hands around it so as to catch the smoke, and the stains will disappear.

Rocks in Fields.—It is a good time to get out some of those rocks that have bothered so much in the mowing lot. Mowing machines have been injured to the extent of five or ten dollars by a rock that might have been removed in five minutes. It pays now to clear up those old fields, and suppose you take the crowbar, and the pick, and the spade and try a few of the boulders.

Portable Poultry Houses.—A successful English practice is to keep fowls in portable houses, which are moved from field to field on the farm, wherever insect food or the waste of gathered crops is plenty. Mention is made of a gardener who has long, narrow, bottomless coops, in which he places a hen or two, or a mother and chickens, and sets them down between his rows of growing plants, and moves them from time to time. Insects are thus captured, and there is a good deal of helpful scratching.

Apple Trees.—Apple trees should be manured as freely as corn or wheat, by spreading broadcast in the autumn. A heavy crop of fruit exhausts the soil to a considerable extent, and if repeated year after year, without receiving any return, will finally produce barrenness or premature decay of the orchard. Old and long cultivated fields are improved for orcharding purposes by being heavily dressed with swamp muck.

Differences of Climate.—Difference of climate has a good deal to do with threshing and selling grain at harvest or immediately after. In England more than half the grain of all varieties remains in the straw unthreshed till the next spring. Oats are never put in barns at harvest; they are stacked very neatly and carefully thatched by a professional laboring thatcher. Wheat, barley, beans, and peas are also chiefly put into ricks and thatched, remaining till, stack by stack, they are required to be threshed for the straw quite as much as for the grain, excepting where capital is short.

* * *

Many think themselves friendly when they are only officious; they counsel not so much that you may become wise as that they may be known as teachers of wisdom.

* * *

The great secret of avoiding disappointment is not to expect too much. Despair follows immoderate hope, as things fall hardest to the ground that have been nearest the sky.

* * *

Every year of our lives we grow more convinced that it is wisest to fix our attention on the beautiful and the good, and to dwell as little as possible on the evil and the false.

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THE "MENDELSSOHN" MODEL PIANO.
History of its Conception, Perfection, and Manufacture.

In 1877 there emigrated to this country from one of the German Cantons of Switzerland, a band of Swiss musical instrument makers, under the lead of Jacob Mendelssohn (the inventor of this Piano which bears his name). Reaching this country in the midst of hard times they became discouraged, and this spring (1878) nine of the sixteen returned home. In May, Herr Mendelssohn, reading one of our advertisements or hearing that we were selling musical instruments, brought into our store the model of this Piano, and after explaining its mechanism, &c., played on it in a manner that would compare for execution with a Strauss or Mozart, and for quality of music with a fine Chickering or Steinway Piano. Every one was surprised, and we were still more so at the prices at which he proposed to manufacture them. Every one knows that Pianos do not cost a quarter their price, but the cost of this seemed BELOW *the possible. It seems that this invention had been matured in the old country, and embodied the efforts of several of the leading musicians of Europe; and Mr. Mendelssohn, to whom the bulk of the honor is due, rather than return empty handed to his home, has agreed (providing we take 10,000 of the Pianos) to furnish them at a price which will enable us to retail them at* **$5.** *The most expensive part of an ordinary Piano, the wire strings and their attendant mechanism, is entirely done away with by the use of* **insulated steel bars,** *(which act the same as a tuning-fork)* **which gives the most correct notes known,** *and is* REALLY *an improvement over the usual style, as they are just as sweet-toned, more accurate, and* **never** *get out of tune. The inside machinery is on the* **same principle** *and of the* **same material** *as a $500 Piano.* The keys are **Ivoryoid,** a new chemical substance which exactly resembles ivory, lasts as long, and will **not** tarnish. The case is finished in imitation of finest polished rosewood, in that perfection of style of which art the Swiss alone are masters. Taken all in all it is a grand success, and a beautiful piece of workmanship; it would never be believed that it could be sold for the price, and a person in the next room could not detect the music from a high-priced Piano. This is one of the greatest boons that has yet been offered to a music-loving public; and we, as its introducers, feel just pride in its success. It is everywhere receiving the warmest praise from the press, fathers, mothers, children, and musicians themselves. Every instrument is carefully tested by an expert before shipping, and every note is perfect, and once right it is always right. They are packed carefully and shipped promptly. Sent to any address by express or freight for **$5;** and $1.50 worth of choice music given free when cash in full comes with order. We guarantee everything as represented, or money refunded. Respectfully, **C. H. Spaulding & Co., Importers and Dealers in Musical Instruments, 93 Water Street, Boston, Mass.** N. B.—When the buyer lives at a great distance from us, or is reached partly by stage or similar conveyance, it might be well to have the Piano packed in an extra strong manner; the charge for extra boxing will be 25 cents, which is the cost of the material used alone. ☞ *Please cut out this advertisement and preserve it.* ☜

UP WITH
THE FLAG

FALL SEASON, 1878.

Hurrah for another Large Business!

There is nothing dingy or forbidding about OAK HALL this Fall. The personal attention of Mr. Wanamaker has brightened up everything about the place, and the Fall buyers with a

GRAND SEND-OFF!

$700,000 in Clothing and Cloths is under the broad roof, and

The Stir about the Place

shows that the people have discovered that

Oak Hall is "Home,"

and that, after all, it is best to

"Stick to Old Friends."

The fact is, we have outstripped every former effort, and put forward, this season,

BETTER STOCK,
BETTER CUT,
BETTER MADE.

We rely on our TRUE and TRIED GOODS at

TRUSTWORTHY PRICES,

and, on the basis of low prices, good goods, and thorough satisfaction to our customers, propose to do a larger business than ever.

WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
S. E. Cor. Sixth and Market Sts.,
—PHILADELPHIA.—

P. S.—Most of our old Salesmen will be found on our floors.

THE GROVES OF BALHAM.

BY J. S. T., JR.

I.

Groves of Balham, sweetly smiling,
Dewy in the dawn of day,
How thy many charms beguiling
Drive dull thoughts of care away!

II.

Fields in noonday's splendor shining!
Green lanes glancing in the sun!
Trees in fairest shapes entwining,
Shadowy into shadows run:

III.

Evening shadows, cool and quiet,
Cumber all the cottage walls;
From the city's far-off riot,
Not the faintest murmur falls.

IV.

Darkness now in solemn sadness
Settles on the lovely Grove,
Hiding all its wealth of gladness,
Shielding all its world of love.

BALHAM, London, September, 1878.

MABEL'S VICTORY;

—OR—

The Cost of a Will.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NEMESIS," "GLORY WINS," ETC.

CHAPTER XI—[CONTINUED.]

"If it is a fact," the lawyer said, "it accounts for all Bellairs' queer conduct, and for the odd things that Mrs. Pincher said before she left Whiteladies. I have had my suspicions all along."

"That they were married?"

"Yes."

"Why did you not speak?"

"Because Bellairs and the woman, too, would in all probability have denied it point blank, and I have no proof. No idea of the possibility of such a thing seems to exist in anyone's mind, and I cannot hear of any occasion on which the ceremony could have been performed. It was certainly not in this neighborhood. I have made private inquiries everywhere."

"You are very kind. I have not the means to set the engines of discovery at work."

"My purse shall be yours in this matter," Mr. Montagu said. "You shall repay me when you come into your kingdom."

"If ever I do."

"I don't despair of it. One thing seems certain to me about this business, that if this woman has any right to this title she gives herself, your poor aunt must have been in ignorance of the fact. She would have sent them to the rightabout at once had she known it."

"That she would. What shall we do? Tax Bellairs with the fact?"

"I think not. We shall make our inquiries privately. If those two have been married during the past six months, it must have been on the only day when they were both away from Whiteladies together. I have a memorandum of the date. Bellairs went to London, Mrs. Pincher to some remote place to see a friend. I suspect they were together, and if they are man and wife had the ceremony performed there."

"I had no idea you knew so much. Why did you not tell me?"

"Because I knew nothing, my boy; only surmised a great deal. I suspect these people were married in London on a certain date. I will set inquiries afoot, and if the marriage took place in London we shall know before Bellairs' six months have expired. You must watch him. Maybe you will find something else."

For once Mr. Montagu reckoned without his host. His inquiries, which were made all over London, and in such a fashion as to include every place of worship in the metropolis, resulted in nothing, and Arthur neither saw or heard anything to excite his suspicions at Whiteladies.

Bellairs openly wrote to and received letters from Mrs. Pincher—his were always addressed to her in that name—and no more of her replies fell into Mr. Dallas's hands.

Mr. Montagu went to the distant town where she was established in a comfortable house, and made the minutest inquiries about her.

Her story was known, and she was regarded with universal sympathy. She was known to be a spinster, and wore no wedding ring, and had dropped the "Mrs." and taken to "Miss."

The lawyer tried to startle her, and told her in plain terms that she was Bellairs' wife. She only stared at him, and then said, with a burst of tears:

"No such luck, sir. I'd give a good deal if it was true."

"Then why do you call yourself so?"

"Me, sir? I never have."

"Yes, you have. You sign yourself his affectionate wife. Don't you know that in Scotland but a very little while ago, that would be quite sufficient to make your marriage a fact and take Whiteladies away from him?"

For a moment her face blanched quite white; but as he spoke she seemed to recover herself a little.

"I don't know who James has been showing my letters to," she said. "I didn't think he would do such a thing. I have never claimed to be his wife, and I didn't know that writing the word on a bit of paper would do any harm. This has been a bitter business for me, sir, and I hardly know what I do or say sometimes."

Mr. Montagu could make nothing of her, lawyer though he was, and returned home completely at fault, as far as she was concerned, though somehow he felt sure of the fact that Bellairs and she were man and wife.

He resolved to advertise to parish clerks, registrars, &c., for the certificate of the marriage, which he was convinced had taken place; but events were coming which would make such a step unnecessary.

He could hardly tell on what to found his conviction that the pair were really married; but it was there, and would not be rooted out.

CHAPTER XII.

As the time drew on towards the expiration of the six months, Arthur began a second search, prompted thereto by his employer, who begged him to satisfy himself, if possible. Nothing came of it any more than on the previous occasion, except the curious fact that on the night of the day on which Arthur Dallas turned out the contents of the drawers and cabinets in his aunt's bedroom, the ghost was seen again. Not by one servant only, but by three—two of them in one room and one in another—who all testified to the same thing.

They all slept in a part of the house that jutted out at right angles from the back of the main building, and their windows commanded those of the corridor which led to Mrs. Dallas's apartment. The blinds were up now that that part of the house was disused, and it had been nobody's business to draw them down at nightfall, or the housemaid had forgotten it.

Two of the girls had been sitting up in their own room over some piece of feminine finery, and the third who slept above, had wakened with a start, and had gone to the window to look out at the night.

All was quiet, the bright moonlight falling on their side of the house and leaving the opposite corner in shadow. A faint light moving along attracted the girl's attention, and she watched it. To her horror she saw a white form come slowly along bearing a light, a very faint one, and go towards Mrs. Dallas's bed-room.

"It's missis!" she gasped, clinging to the window frame to keep herself from falling, and watching the movements of the figure with fascinated eyes.

It went on, its white garments floating about it, and entered the haunted room. She could see by the light it was still moving about, and she could distinguish its arms and hands as it went here and there in the gloom as though looking for something.

Then suddenly the light went out, and terrified past all endurance she rushed into the next room to find that the two girls there had seen it too, and were in as abject a state of fear as she was herself. The whole three gave notice the next morning, and put the housekeeper to her wits' end to know what to do, for Whiteladies would get an evil reputation if this sort of thing went on, and she would not be able to get any servants at all.

Again Arthur Dallas tried to investigate the matter, and again with the same result of utter failure. But it did not signify much now. In a very little while all his interest in the place would cease, and he should be far away.

He would stay till the very last minute; he was determined on that, at any rate. But Mr. Bellairs himself frustrated that intention. He sent for him to the library one morning, and after a good deal of humming and hawing delivered himself of the opinion that they had better part.

"I'm very much indebted to you, Mr. Dallas," he said, "and you'll find that I mean to do the handsome thing by you, but I'm going to alter my way of life altogether by and by."

"When you have sold Whiteladies, I suppose, Mr. Bellairs?"

"Just so, Mr. Dallas. I have waited the time and it is mine to do what I please with."

"Not quite the time yet."

"Well, very nearly. I don't do anything till it's fairly up, and then I'm going to knock about the world a bit. I can't settle down like other men do, but I don't see why I shouldn't have some enjoyment of my life, and I've accepted the offer of a friend to travel with him. He's been almost everywhere, and knows the ways of all countries. So you see I shouldn't need you."

"I am sorry you wish to end our connection," Arthur Dallas said, wondering not a little who the friend could be.

Mr. Bellairs had been to London three or four times alone lately, and had taken to going into Kingcolm a good deal, also alone.

It was doubtless some one whom he had picked up, and who would doubtless make a good thing out of a tour with an ignorant rich man.

"I should like to have stayed till you left the old house," the young man said; "but——"

"But it doesn't quite suit me that you should, you see," Mr. Bellairs said, awkwardly. "I'm very sorry, of course."

"Oh, don't apologize, pray," was the somewhat haughty reply. "When do you wish me to go?"

"Well, if you could make it convenient to get away this day week, I should like it. Anything in the way of compensation Mr. Grigg shall see to. I don't remember whether any notice was named when we made our agreement. If there was——"

"Pay me my wages up to the time of my leaving, and I shall be satisfied," said Arthur, bitterly. "I want nothing more."

Neither he nor Mr. Montagu could imagine who it was that was going to travel with Bellairs.

The lawyer paid him a visit to make sure that there was nothing overt going on about the sale of Whiteladies, and was not a little puzzled by the demeanor of the master of the place.

He had lost all his humility, and had evidently been taking lessons in assertion from some one.

He refused to tell who it was that was going to take the place of Arthur Dallas as his confidential friend, but renewed his offers of any compensation that might be thought suitable for the young man's loss of a situation.

"Mr. Dallas wants nothing at your hands," the lawyer said, sternly. "Except his rights," he added. "He will be my guest when he leaves your house," he said, aloud, "and will not leave Kingcolm till your time of probation is expired."

"I don't know that it will matter much to me," Bellairs said, sullenly. "He's going to leave here next Tuesday. I've named that day because my friend is coming to stay with me for a little while, and I had as lief he wasn't here."

The lawyer came to the conclusion that the "friend" was someone not very presentable, but he made no remark, only gave his shoulders the least perceptible shrug, and went his way.

"He'll go straight to the dogs, that's certain," he said to Arthur, after this interview. "Your aunt's money will be flung to the four winds in a very little while."

"Unless some lucky chance takes it from him in the meantime. I cannot give up the hope, Montagu; it is growing to be a monomania with me."

"There are three weeks yet, Arthur. We will not lose sight of Mr. Bellairs and his movements. The opportunity may not have passed."

Mr. Montagu pondered over the state of affairs and resolved to tax Mr. Bellairs openly with the marriage he was so anxious to prove.

He went back to Whiteladies with Arthur Dallas, and managed to drop in upon the master of the house unexpectedly in his study.

"We may as well settle all Mr. Dallas's matters to-day," he said, "as he leaves to-morrow."

"Certainly," Mr. Bellairs replied. "I am sorry that he wouldn't take any compensation for his sudden leaving. I would rather have done the thing handsomely if he would have let me."

"He is quite satisfied."

"When the money is in my own hands I shall not forget him, he may be sure of that."

"When it is, as you say."

"What do you mean? It is as good as there now. I can realize in twenty days from now."

"A good deal may happen in twenty days, Mr. Bellairs."

"That's true," said Bellairs, uneasily. "But nothing that will take Whiteladies from me."

"I am not so sure of that. We may prove your marriage for instance."

Bellairs started to his feet with a white face, and the perspiration standing on his forehead.

"What do you mean?" he gasped.

"Just what I say."

"Who has been telling lies of me? Has that woman been claiming to be my wife?"

"That woman, as you call her, is only too anxious to shield you, selfish as you are. She will not say a word, but her very reticence makes me believe more fully that what I have heard is true."

"What have you heard? Who from? Who has dared——"

"Only a dog, Mr. Bellairs. Mr. Dallas's mastiff took him a torn scrap of paper with the signature of your wife, Mary Bellairs on it. You should be more careful in destroying your letters."

"I thought Mr. Dallas was a gentleman," sneered the ex-butler. "It's not a polite thing to do to read other people's letters."

"Any man may read a torn scrap of paper," the lawyer replied. "And I give you fair warning that on the suspicion that what it contained is true we shall stop the sale of this property. The matter must be sifted thoroughly."

Mr. Bellairs could only fume with rage, and mumble out that he might do his worst, and the lawyer left him in an abject state of fright, feeling sure now that however he had missed finding it out, the marriage had taken place somewhere.

Arthur Dallas, passing along the corridor the next morning, was surprised to see the door of his aunt's bedroom open and servants bustling about in it.

"It's for company, sir," one of the girls explained. "There's a lady coming to sleep here."

"A lady?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Who?"

"We don't know, sir," was the answer. "All the orders were to make this room as fresh and nice as possible for a lady. I hope she will like it."

"Why should she not? It is the best room in the house."

"The ghost, sir!"

"Oh, nonsense!" said Arthur with a sad smile. "My poor aunt does not go prowling about as you girls fancy. It's all a mistake or a hoax."

The young women shook their heads, and he went away to his room to make his own preparations for leaving.

It was sad work for him. He had hoped till now, and he was going away defeated at last, leaving his old home to pass into the hands of strangers.

He would slip quietly away, he thought, and not go through the ordeal of leave taking. So he got one of the stablemen to carry away his boxes the night before his departure, intending to walk quietly away the next morning.

Mr. Bellairs happened to go out—to meet his friends he was told, and Arthur was obliged to delay leaving until after his return.

It did not signify. The evening would do just as well, and he waited till after dinner in his own comfortable rooms. He asked no questions about the guests. They were nothing to him, and when he thought a reasonable time had elapsed, he went downstairs, intending to beg a word with Mr. Bellairs and then go.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

It is evident that Fashion has loosened the usually tight reins of her government, for there are so many decided symptoms of individual taste perceptible in costumes and bonnets as well as materials.

The same mode does not suit everyone, for what is becoming to one is the most inappropriate and unbecoming to another; so we can gladly welcome the privileges accorded by Fashion, which allow the exercise of one's individual taste and style in making a selection from the bewildering variety of Fall novelties. This is especially visible in bonnets, for all the various styles of other periods compete with each other for our favor.

Among them I notice the "Gainsborough," with upturned brim, lined either with stripped or puffed satin, and drooping feathers on one side. The "Rembrandt" has the brim lowered on the right side more than the left, and is faced with satin or velvet to match, and is trimmed with two long plumes, one drooping almost on the shoulder. The "Cavalier" is with high crown and turned up brim, surmounted by three feathers. The "Polichinelle" has a low crown, and is lined with light satin; the brim turns up in the centre over the forehead, where there is a bow, and over this bow a panache of feathers, a shape especially becoming to young girls. The "Rubens" is another picturesque revival, and is made of satin, plush, and velvet, and has a broad brim, and a trimming of long plumes. The "Henri Quattre Toque" is also in the list, and is made of plush or velvet, and in felt; the shape has a high soft crown and stiff turned up brim, faced with velvet; a band of satin with a buckle surrounds the crown, and a long plume or panache of feathers trims the front, back of the brim.

I may add to these the "Cabriolet" or "Clarisse Harlowe," with its flaring brim and strings tied under the chin; the "Beefeater," designed from the hats now worn by the "Beefeaters" in the "London Tower;" while those who prefer the less pronounced styles, the close fitting cottage shape is in a charming variety of trimmed models. The flower bonnet is not discarded, being reserved for such full dress as one wishes to make a distinction between carriage or evening wear, and Sunday wear.

The bonnet materials are as rich and varied as dress materials, for much effort is being made to make colored bonnets more generally worn instead of the black ones, and for this purpose there are striped and ribbed velvets in exquisite combinations, tinsel velvet with brilliant dashes of color on a black ground; corduroy velvet with a curled plush the stripes; also bourette velvet with irregular fleece and knotted threads. The popular ribbon used by milliners is two inch width, and is rich in colors and material; the corduroy ribbons match in colors the corduroy velvet.

Brocaded satin ribbons and soft plaid silks are used as the entire trimming, forming the large Alsatian bow and twisted around the crown and the strings; fancy gilt pins are added to the trimming, which is a special feature of the felt bonnets intended for every day wear.

Among the round hats is one resembling the Continental, or tri-cornered; and is made of dark colored velvet with a thick cord on the edge. The "Mephistophiles" is another style, trimmed with two stiff wings turned towards the back. The "Blue Bird" is a black hat with a wreath composed only of blue wings, fastened on the side by a blue bird.

Birds of gay plumage are used on the majority of round hats, and are fastened with outspread wings and head downwards. Others have the crown almost covered by cashmere feathers.

There is also a charming variety of flat feather trimmings, forming a wide band which encircles the crown, and widening in one place to curl over the crown in front or at the side.

After such an exhaustive discussion of the hat and bonnet question, we can now proceed to the subject of other novelties.

Mr. Wanamaker has in his stock the greatest variety of Autumn novelties, which will amply repay an inspection. The novel application of colors is chiefly conspicuous in the new goods. Claret tones are to be the colors, and are frequently mixed with old gold. Other colors are Acajou (mahogany), Bacchus or Thiers (red), Stefano, Vendage (vintage), and Congress, which resembles mahogany; Etruscan, which is a pinky, brown red; Dragon and bottle are the newest greens; sapphire and Rouen, or gens d'armes, the newest blues.

As a rule the fashionable colors are dark, but among the exceptions is a lovely shade of light blue called "Aimez Moi." All these tones appear in satins, velvets, plush, and brocades.

Velvets are largely used—plain, striped, and brocaded. The *velours etoile* displays a raised velvet brocade on a satin ground; but the "Pompadour" and "Jardiniere" are among the newest effects in velvets.

One of the most noticeable facts in dress materials is the effective results produced in goods of medium prices, of which Mr. Wanamaker has a great variety. The harmonious combination of colors, the rich effect of brocaded or striped designs, are all produced with an effect almost as pleasing as those of more costly price.

Scotch plaids enjoy a popularity, but chiefly for morning wear, and appear with more pleasing effect when used as a trimming, which will evidently be their greatest popularity, for they are not only in wool but in satins, velvets, and Siciliennes, or the old familiar poplin.

They will be arranged in straight perpendicular lines upon the plaits of flounces, so as to form stripes on them, and then there will be a horizontal line as a heading. A band of tartan satin is also to be seen as bordering to a flounce; for example, a bottle green Indian cashmere dress is trimmed with two deep plisses of cashmere to match, each bordered with tartan satin. A Louis XV. bodice, with a tartan satin band simulating a waistcoat, collar with satin revers and the same on the cuffs.

The pockets on the bodice are corded with tartan, and the train, which is draped, is edged with tartan.

With such toilettes jargon buttons are worn, they are steel cut with a thousand facets, and which are as brilliant as paste diamonds.

The jargon under Louis XV. divided popular favor with the Marcassite and the Liege stone; the latter was nothing but small pieces of looking-glass, under which some tinsel paper was placed.

Satin and moire will likely continue in favor for some time; so one need not fear to invest in either of these rich materials, as being only a passing fancy.

One very handsome all black dinner dress, which I will describe, was composed of a train of brocaded silk over a simulated petticoat of satin.

The train and square cut bodice were in one, and open the whole way down the front.

The satin petticoat was kilted in its entire length, and formed the front part or plastron of the bodice. The pleats of the kilting were made very narrow at the waist, and expanded to the width of the opening of the train at the bottom of the skirt and at the top of the plastron or inner bodice. Going all round the train, up the sides, across the shoulders, and round the back of the bodice—in fact, outlining the brocaded portion of the dress, was a most beautiful embroidery in silk and jet upon a band of velvet about two-and-a-half inches wide. Under the train and continuing round the front was a double flounce of satin very finely pleated, and under this again could just be seen the inner flounce of muslin edged with Torchon lace. A narrow crepe lisse pleating was placed inside. The tight fitting sleeve, which reached only to the elbow, was there finished with a fall of black Maltese lace put on with a band of the embroidered velvet, and underneath was a pleated frill of crepe lisse.

Rows of machine stitching are used to finish off the edges of simple wool costumes, or flat trimmings consisting of figured or plain velvet cut on the bias from the piece, or the silk and wool broches; but it is quite evident that these have taken the place of the wool fringes so much used last Winter.

The present rage in Paris is for the peasant woman's *casaquin*. Another style is the Polignac coat, resembling the former somewhat; but the basques of casaquin are longer and are made with or without a waistcoat. As an illustration of this style, a costume recently imported is of silver-gray wool, a deep pleating reaches almost to the hips, two bands of gray silk are turned up very high in front, and four paniers in the back. The casaquin is turned back with silk revers, showing a white pique vest.

These casaquins are also made of ribbed blue silk, in the Royal and Admiral blue, the latter being the old Sevres china shade. Either are made of black and white ribbed velvet, embossed velvet, and striped material silk, the black material striped having the greatest favor. They are worn over many varieties of skirts, including India cashmere of all colors.

In mentioning the casaquin I must not omit others of a similar character—the *corsage basquine* and the short *French guard redingote*. These latter partake slightly of the masculine, being made open at the neck with revers, and with coat tails at the back; but the chief feature consists of their being of different material from the skirt, and as a fashion especially convenient to all, it will have a general popularity this Winter, when they will be made of black or colored velvet (figured or plain), satin, moire, or of some of the less costly broche or figured materials, and will be worn with skirts of different colored material.

As a charming and dressy addition to the casaquin, a vest of a contrasting brocaded silk or velvet will be added, finished off with white lace jabot.

Black silks are to be combined with bright colors, for which old gold and wood, red and white, or pale blue, are considered harmonious contrasts, forming the revers, vest, cuffs, and scarf, or other accessories of trimming.

Fashion has drawn so many of her designs from the region of Fancy, it is perceptible in all the features of our dress.

For evening wear and general dressy occasions, the corsages, which are not low necked, will be cut perfectly moulded to the figure, with a long point and long on the hips; and with some a plastron of different color and material is introduced in front, and the corsage closes behind, but with that same latitude extended to other things, Fashion allows every becoming style to be worn—from the short belted waist to the long bodice, high neck or slightly open, heart shape, square, round, or low; with basques, with points, in fact one can suit their individual style; while another generous style which is promised, allows the corsage to be of a different material—a pale pink silk may have the corsage of pink plush or velvet; a pale blue, of blue brocade or velvet.

White will be conspicuously popular for evening wear, and white barege combined with satin will be one of the reigning favorites.

As a trimming for colored dresses I may add, of all materials, a pretty effect is produced by the style termed "passant," which consists of a flat double fold of a contrasting colored silk, outlining the dress in all its trimmings, much care being taken in a tasteful selection of the contrast; for example, with light grays, garnet or blue may be used; with dark brown, old gold; with olive, the palest blue; with prune, pale blue or pink.

And now I must mention a little cap made with a pocket handkerchief, which has a charming effect and serves to keep the hair in place.

If you have no suitable handkerchief, take a square of muslin and edge it around with lace and insertion, fold the handkerchief in half, allowing the underside to be a little longer than the upper part; make three pleats on the folded edge, and fasten the pleats together with a pin; put it on your head and fasten each side with a gold pin.

This is one of the latest models from a French modiste. They may be made entirely of lace, but are more coquettish and original when made with a handkerchief.

Best Thread for Sewing Machines.

THE JURORS AT THE PARIS EXPOSITION AGREE WITH THE JUDGES AT THE CENTENNIAL, AND DECIDE THAT IT IS THE "WILLIMANTIC."

It appears from the Associated Press dispatches, and from the lists of awards published in the Paris newspapers, that the jury on cotton textiles, yarns and thread at the Universal Exposition, have singled out the Willimantic Company, of Hartford, Conn., for a special distinction. They have decreed to that Company a *gold medal and the grand prize for "Spool Cotton especially adapted for use on Sewing Machines."* Out of more than 50,000 medals and awards, there were only 100 grand prizes, and although all the great thread manufacturers of the world competed, the Willimantic Company alone receives the grand prize for Spool Cotton. This action of the Paris jury agrees with the opinion of the judges at our Centennial Exposition, who decreed a medal, and strongly commended the Willimantic thread for its surpassing excellence. But perhaps the most significant endorsement of this Spool Cotton is that by the sewing machine manufacturers and operators themselves. More than fifty of them, after having used the Willimantic thread on their machines during the Philadelphia and Paris Expositions, on all kinds of work, have signed certificates declaring that the Willimantic is the "*best thread they have ever used on sewing machines, on account of its strength, evenness, elasticity, finish, and beautiful shades of color.*" The concurrent opinion of so many experts ought no longer to leave any room for doubt as to which thread is the best for sewing machines. It is not of British or foreign manufacture, but an American product, and made at the Willimantic Mills.

Our Fireside Chat.

Swiss Roll.—The following, if not equal to the Swiss rolls sold at pastrycooks', is not a bad dish. Take the weight of three or four eggs, in their shells, of finely powdered sugar, and the same weight of butter and flour. Melt the butter, add the sugar and the yolks of the eggs; beat the mixture well, add the beaten up whites of half the eggs, then half the flour, the rest of the whites (also beaten up), and of the flour. When quite smooth spread it out, about half an inch thick, over a well buttered tin, and bake for fifteen or twenty minutes in a moderate oven; spread it all over equally with jam, roll it up, and put it into the oven again for a short time, sprinkle with powdered sugar, and serve cold; if liked, with a custard round it.—*Ayes.*

Dishes for Invalids.—Minced Chicken or Mutton, with Eggs.—Take of chicken some of the white meat from the breast, and remove all skin and outside parts; if mutton, an underdone slice or two from a leg, saddle, or loin; mince it very finely, put it into a stewpan with a little very good strong gravy or beef tea, free from fat; flavor it, if liked, with a few herbs and spices, and simmer gently until quite hot, but not boiling; then thicken it with a little butter and flour, and season to taste with pepper and salt. Put this mince on a small dish and serve on the top a nicely poached egg.

Puree of Chicken.—To make this, after having been minced as above, the chicken must be pounded in a mortar, seasoned with pepper and salt, and then, with a small quantity of good white sauce, stirred over the fire until hot; this can also be served under a poached egg, and within a wall of French beans, mashed potatoes, etc.

Croquettes.—Add to some carefully prepared and very finely minced meat, poultry, or game the beaten up yolk of an egg, roll the mixture up into small balls, egg, breadcrumb, and fry them in hot lard or butter. A little crisply fried parsley to garnish the above will add to the tempting appearance of the dish, even if not wholesome for the invalid.

Small Meat Boudins.—Take about half pound of well prepared veal, rabbit, chicken, or game; mince them finely, and then pound them quite smooth, moistening with some strong veal or chicken. Now pass all through a wire sieve, then add one ounce of butter, an egg well beaten, and a small quantity of cream, with salt, pepper, and mace to taste; mix and pound well; put the mixture into some small plain moulds, buttered, and steam for fifteen to twenty minutes. These can be served with a white bechamel or cream, or tomato sauce.

Chicken or Game, with Vegetables.—Take the white meat of some chicken or game, and mince it finely; put it into a saucepan with a little good gravy, a little butter, and flour, pepper, and salt; simmer until hot, then add a few cooked peas, French beans cut up finely, or a little tomato sauce; toss all on the fire together and serve very hot.

Potted Chicken or Game.—Take the white meat of some poultry or game, well freed from skin and outside parts, and pound them in a mortar with some fresh butter, about one-third the weight of the meat, season with pounded mace, pepper, salt, and cayenne; and when reduced to a smooth paste, put it into pots and cover with clarified butter. This can be used as a relish on bread and butter, and can be varied with flavorings when approved.—*Elak.*

Useful Hints on Needlework.—Some lovely sofa cushion covers I have seen made thus: The foundation was a square of the ordinary gray linen Turkish toweling; on it, in any geometrical pattern fancied, were laid pieces of colored cloth, cut out according to the design. These were closely and handsomely buttonholed on with purse silk, of any color preferred, and little patterns worked in the centre of each piece of cloth in filoselle, feather stitching and herringbone stitching being introduced wherever necessary. The general effect of this work is of course entirely dependent on the individual taste of the worker as to the shape of the design and the colors introduced. The object is to produce rich effects by the skilful blending of the colors; navy blue and orange cloth much worked up, scarlet or orange silk, gold thread and black silk, crimson and pale blue cloth with olive green and gold silks—these mixtures are all good, if tastefully blended. A very handsome border for a chimney piece was worked on a rough knotted-looking cream colored linen cloth, in a pretty flowing pattern—the cross stitch work—pale blue, pale pink and conventional green being the colors used, and the canvas threads drawn out when the pattern was worked; the border was finished off with a knotted gray linen fringe, sewn on. A five o'clock tea table border was of rich black satin, with a kind of mulberry leaf and fruit pattern, worked in chain stitch in pale neutral shades of Berlin wool.

A pretty pair of boudoir curtains were simple, but at the same time very attractive in appearance. They were a pair of the ordinary fine muslin curtains, on which were picturesquely grouped flowers, birds and Watteau shepherds and shepherdesses, cut out from cretonne; these were applique on, and more or less worked up in colored filoselles. The result of such work cannot fail to be graceful, if the arrangement of the cretonne scraps is carefully carried out in an unstudied manner. One pair of curtains I saw had a beautiful arrangement of peacocks and Oriental foliage and brilliant-hued butterflies, the lighter shades of all worked up in silks. Another pair had Watteau groups and birds, with graceful ferns. This work should not be elaborately worked; a very few stitches of silk, carefully disposed, give a great effect, and the work has always the charm of novelty.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

COUSIN (Kershaw, S. C.)—First cousins' children are second cousins.

INVICTA (Fayette, Ky.)—The word "Invicta" is Latin, and means unconquered.

LETITIA (Caroline, Va.)—A gentleman should always take off his glove when about to shake hands with a lady.

W. M. (Windsor, Va.)—Charcoal, gravel, and bits of sponge are put at the bottom of filters to cleanse the water from its impurities.

READER (Phila., Pa.)—When bonds are sold, as usual, at a price which covers accrued interest they are sold, in broker's parlance, flat.

BESSIE (Huron, Ohio.)—It would be a very silly act indeed for a young lady to take and keep the pocket handkerchief of a young gentleman.

KINGS (Bedford, Tenn.) The thirteen signers of the Declaration of Independence from the New England States were all descendants from the Puritans.

E. M. (Tallapoosa, Ala.)—The name of "Martha" is of Hebrew origin, and means bitterness. "Eliza" also Hebrew, "the oath of God," and Anna, Hebrew, "gracious."

CLACKMACUDDIN (Livingston, Mich.)—There is no recipe for stopping the premature grayness of the hair. We do not know anything about the person you mention.

N. N. (Ogle, Ill.) No such animal as a unicorn has being; its existence is fabulous, and the British coat-of-arms is the only authority for the form and shape of such a beast.

E. B. (Dane, Wis.)—The symptoms you describe show that your blood is in a bad state, and that its evil effects are developing themselves in the unhealthiness of the skin.

O. T. (Powhatan, Va.)—It has been found that colors possess different powers of imbibing odors. Thus black absorbs far more than white, and other colors in various degrees.

SUBSCRIBER (Garland, Ala.)—The material on the point of gold pens is not gold but an alloy formed of two extremely rare metals, osmium and iridium. It is very valuable, amounting to many dollars per ounce.

ANXIOUS (Adams, Pa.)—It is a case of such extreme delicacy and difficulty that we cannot undertake to advise in it. You ought to consult your own inclinations and feelings and act according to their dictation.

N. E. C. (Hiawatha, Kans.)—We do not think any of the coins you mention have a special or fancy value. You might ascertain with certainty, however, by addressing any dealer in old coins or curiosities in this city or New York.

MOTHER (St. Charles, Mo.)—It is totally impossible for us to advise you concerning the style in which you should dress your daughter's hair. So much depends on the nature of the hair itself, the style of a young lady, the contour of the countenance, &c.

ANGELINA (Howard, Ind.)—You cannot obtain a divorce in the circumstances you mention; but your husband certainly cannot compel you to live with him again. He is responsible for any debts you may have contracted for the necessaries of life during his absence.

H. S. (Elkart, Ind.)—If you are too "bashful" to propose you will probably have to endure the mortification of seeing some other gentleman carry off the prize which may now be within your grasp. Pluck up spirit enough to put the "dread interrogatory." As to the words to be used, the plainest and fewest would be the best.

AMELIA (Inyo, Cal.)—When a young lady has company to see her she should be more solicitous for their company and entertainment than for her own. Nor should she show a marked preference for any one of her guests, especially to a gentleman. The rule is for a host or hostess to seek above all things to make all of his or her guests as comfortable and happy as circumstances will permit.

ADA (Barry, Mo.)—When a young lady has told a young gentleman over and over again that she does not want his company, and can't bear him, but perfectly hates him, and that she wants him to keep out of her sight, and he still hangs around and keeps paying her attentions, although she treats him with scorn, we really do not know what else she is going to do about it, unless she gets her relations or friends to interfere.

A. W. (Bradford, Pa.)—As you love the lady devotedly, and have evidently made up your mind to marry her, you should cease to think about her being older than you are. The idea of your discussing such a question with your acquaintances seems to us to be objectionable and undignified. When any impertinent person ventures to speak to you on the subject, you should let your manner freeze him into silence.

CHEMIST (Obion, Tenn.)—Crucibles are made of platinum, iron, black lead, porcelain, clay or lime. The four latter would probably be best for your purposes. The price, according to material, would vary from a dollar or two up. They could be sent by mail or express quite convenient. Direct a letter to Bullock & Crenshaw, dealers in chemical apparatus, Philadelphia, stating what you desire.

GRAYSON (Sussex, N. J.)—The year 1830 was remarkable for three revolutions—that in France, July 27, when Charles X. was expelled and a Constitutional Government formed by Louis Philippe and the Chamber of Deputies; that in Belgium in September, by which the Orange family were driven into Holland, and a popular government established and that in Poland in December, by which the Russians were expelled and a popular government was formed.

L. R. (Lancaster, S. C.)—When an author states that "Hannibal was a white man, the same as Napoleon, Cæsar and Washington were," he, of course, does not mean to be understood as holding that Hannibal's complexion was as white, but that they both belonged to the white race, although Hannibal was born in Africa. Some white men are darker in complexion than some colored men; but still the dark white man is a white man so far as race is concerned, and the lighter-colored "colored person" belongs to the inferior race.

PIANO (Churchville, Va.)—We do not know the individual you speak of, and therefore cannot say whether he is reliable or not; but we think that your best course would be to have nothing to do with him. We have never seen his name mentioned as being engaged in the manufacture of pianos, and it is more than likely that if that was his real avocation it would have come to our notice. No matter what inducements he may offer do not hand over a penny until you see in your possession the value of your money.

A. E. (Fernleaf, Ky.)—In conversation, avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humor, to improve than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive, are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm anything, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though you are endeavoring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to gain information from him. Above all, when you have gained a victory do not push it too far; it is sufficient to let the company and your adversary see it is in your power, but that you are too generous to make use of it.

MAUDE (Pierrepont, N. Y.)—There are hundreds of remedies proposed for making the hair grow long and thick, but we have little faith in any of them. Natural treatment in the way of combing and dressing is about the best and least expensive plan. If you must have it, however, the following is said to be good: Half ounce bitter almonds soaked for two days in a half pint of rum, strained and applied to the roots of the hair daily. 2. See answer to Constant Reader. 3. Unless a relation or a very old and dear personal friend or friends of the family, it might give rise to invidious remarks to accept a ring from a person you do not intend to marry. 4. It is in the highest degree nonsensical and unwomanly to be guilty of the folly called "flirting." 5. If the lady invites the gentleman and he accepts, he must regard himself and be regarded as her special escort and company for the occasion. 6. If the gentleman was of a kind not likely to infer too much from the offer a lady might propose a correspondence. As a rule, however, where once the sterner sex is sufficiently interested in a girl he will take this duty on himself. Either party might very properly write first, though the one departing would have the most to say, and therefore do so with better grace. 7. They vary in value according to size.

CONSTANT READER (Weston, Ga.)—Since he had been keeping your company for so long a time, we do not think the young man was guilty of any great wrong in acting as he did. On the contrary it would seem as though he had been previously guilty of a lack of demonstrativeness. You should not have permitted the occurrence to interrupt your intimate relations and asking him to call again, despite his conduct would have been entirely correct. One who is so well thought of as you say he is must have good qualities. If the parties are engaged or there is reasonable grounds for supposing they will be, there can hardly be any reasonable grounds for objecting to a kiss. Of course, it is not to be indulged in indiscriminately, but only under the circumstances we have mentioned, and then with proper reserve. You might also exchange photographs without harm likely to come of it in any way supposing the degree of acquaintance or intimacy is such as to give assurance that no improper use would be made of it afterwards. 2. It is really impossible for us to tell you within the space at our command, how to act when a young man spends the evening with you, and besides it is a matter which a lady should know instinctively. If you actually do not know how to bear yourself under such circumstances you should consult some of your girl friends.

B. G. (Phila., Pa.)—"Hydrophobia" is a term expressing fear of water. Applied to this malady as occurring in the dog, it is greatly incorrect—a dog laboring under rabies, drinking water, not only willingly, but greedily to the very last. No curative treatment will avail when once the dog has been seized with this terrible disease. Our duty therefore merely consists in describing the symptoms which indicate danger, that the affected animal may be timely destroyed. One of the earliest symptoms of rabies in the dog is restlessness. He is constantly turning round and round before he will lie down; his countenance becomes anxious; his eyes bloodshot; he fancies that he sees objects about him which have no real existence, and he snaps at the empty air; his fondness for his master increases and, with it his propensity to lick the hands and face—the appetite becomes depraved—his natural food is neglected, and at the same time every sort of filthy trash is greedily devoured. Another symptom is rubbing the paws against the sides of the mouth. If this be done to remove the bone, the mouth will remain open, but when it takes place as the precursor of rabies, the jaws close after the rubbing ceases. Soon follows an insatiable thirst—so insatiable that the animal often plunges his whole muzzle into the water; and here you may observe foam left upon the surface. Soon the dog falls or staggers, and sometimes becomes delirious. Death speedily ensues.